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GANG
STARR
NO MORE MR. NICE GUY

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Premier & The Guru"

[Premier scratches "The Guru"]

It's '89, mine, I'm Keithy E. the Guru
Premier is here with the flair, we're running to you
Bust your grill with skill, as we build and fulfill
I drop the wisom to quiz them, with precision we drill
We're kicking wannabes down cause we're gonna be down
We're moving on with the sound, see we're gonna be around
For a long time, I kick the strong rhymes
You're empty-handed and stranded cause you were standing in the wrong line
This is not the fate is for sure a pure pen
The gift is hitting home on your dome because we meant it
You'll need a graffiti, don't heed and you'll be bleeding
We'll rip you, and ship you back and you'll be repeating
The progress, and I guess that you should be told now
Lo and behold how the stroll I unfold now
Knowledge, wisdom, and peace are what I'm true to
In the rear is Premier, and I'm the Guru

[Premier scratches]

I sound greater because I'm head of the comittee
I chill in New York City, I'm witty, so get me
To Brooklyn, so I can ill and peace no joke
You slow poke, you'll go broke, you're rhymes ain't all that dope
So take a backseat, with all your wack beats
This is the one phase of my rage and onstage I slap eats
For you to try to steal this, I will reveal this
Like a prophet, I'll drop it, Premier will start to seal
This coffin to be chewing, you soft and you'll be doing
A dance with some ants in the ground, you clowns be chewing
But you could never get this, the talents we've been blest with
So many different ways to phrase, you shouldn't mess with the Guru

[Premier scratches]

So here's the verdict, cause all you suckers know you're booty
You're played out, you'll fade out, I doubt that you can do me
We ain't having no gabbing, when I be grabbing and jabbing
In your ear like a spear prepare your body for battling
Cause you've been preparing to move, you'll be certain to lose
Open your eyes up, wise up while I work with the groove
To teach your next school, who'll be the next fool?
That I can stomp down with compound nouns but like a pestule
Come back with dumb raps, then like a tech inside
I'll take you out your misery you ought to step aside
Your weak rap, you speak that yang so Imma clue you

The DJ's name is Premier, and I'm the Guru

I'm telling you, '89 is mine. Peace

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Jazz Music"

[Guru]
The music started in the hearts and drums, from another land
Played for everyone, by sons, of the motherland
Sendin out a message of peace, to everybody and
came across the oceans in chains and shame
Easing the pain, and it was without name
Until some men in New Orleans on Rampart Street
Put out the sounds, and then they gave it a beat
I'm talkin bout Jelly Roll, King, and Satch
I'm talkin bout the music that had no match
Yes the music, and it was born down there
We're gonna use it, so make the horn sound clear
It's jazz music... jazz music

Yo, the music that Pops, and other cats made
it stayed, cause people love when they played
To the North, it took a riverboat shuffle
To the big cities, with lots of hustle and bustle
To Chicago, and to the Apple too
This was a scene, that our forefathers knew
Go get your crew, I know they'll get into
the jazz music... jazz music

The music called jazz had the razzamatazz
It had the flavor, and a lot of pizazz
The big band beat was very neat and unique
The swing was king, it made you tap your feet
There was Benny and Duke and of course the Count Basie
The melody was smooth and yes, very taste
There was Hap, The Prez, and Lady Day and
Dizzy Bird and Miles, they were all playin
They brought it to the people of the foreign lands
Back across the oceans and the desert sands
Where it echoes in the distant sounds of drums
And it rises with the sun on days begun
This is the music, that we give tribute to
They gave it to us, that's why we give it to you
The jazz music... the jazz music

The jazz music... UH.. uh.. uh..

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Gotch U"

[Guru]
Here's the jam I slam to make it known that
I diagram, write out my own rap
Cast the line, watch me shine, I'll assign
you to do this, you can review this
convention that comes from, combining sums from
equations or phrases, cause I begun some
exploratory digging, I'm thinking big and
I'm taking all your words, cause your site is blurred
and you're selfish, and rather immature
I've always felt this, that's why I'm giving more
I am sure, that you find that I'm the Guru
With this particular style I'm running to you
I gotch u

Keen is my site, and keen is my brain
I campaign to gain my domain
and vocalizing techniques, emcees are deadbeats
and drop to the ground then, I stomp em down with sound
I'm a pacifist, but they won't last with this
dope beat combined with lyrical energy
You can rewind this, play this again and see
just how I kick the, rhymes that hit ya
snug in your mug, while I depict a
scene that is hype and, I'm title swipin
If you're loungin, I'll take the mic and
show you how it goes in, I'll leave you frozen
I gotch u

I live my life with adventure, because I went for
the road seldom run, cause it was meant for
me to hold the spot here, your rhymes are not clear
Focus, on the way that I wrote this
I'm crafty, so how you gonna outlast me?
With your bogus crap, you're gonna have to note this
while I rap, and then I quiz you like a teacher
Give a speech to you while I impeach the
ones with the crowns and, my voice resounds and
take it from me, then you will see, I got the G
The Keith double-E, I got the know how
And I will show how the hip-hop will grow now
I gotch u

I got nothin to fear, nothin to hide
Bein conquered with the micraphone, I take you for a ride
and slide glide to the hoop and scoop you like
Clyde, Drexler, your girl I wanna get next to

Hold up I gotta flex to the stage, then engage
to do the knowledge, then backstage is where I'm headed
Don't sweat it, sit down clown and just let it be
Set it free, get it see
I got G, cetainly, and I gotch u
I gotch u

Once again, we got the GangStarr out in total effilzneck
I got my man DJ Premier... peace...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Manifest"

I profess and I don't jest cause the words I manifest
they will take you, sedate you, and I will stress upon
you the need for, you all to feed your
mind and soul, so you can lead your-self
to keep, I got a real objective here
I am effective here, cause I select a clear
Message to all, suckers I maul they fall from
Into the pit of purgatory
I go for glory, I take an inventory
Countin all the tough luck ducks while I narrate
Relate and equate, dictate and debate
My fate is to be, cold makin history
I use sincerity, but I'm so very deep
Doubts are questions, of all the skeptics
I'm kickin clout and, I'll leave you vexed
it's just true, there's nothing so-so cause I know
Right about to spin it I'm in it admit it I did it
to you, cause this is what I'm into
So chill while I instill that we all must fulfill
the proper mission for us and yo this is a must
It's usually lines of my rhymes I ingest
These are the words that I manifest, I manifest

I suggest you take a breath for the words I manifest
they will scold you and mold you, while I impress upon
you the fact that, I use my tact at
rhymin for climbin, and chill while I attract that
girl you're with, I got a sincere quality
I give her all of me, cause you're too small to be
tryin to riff, so let me uplift and shift my gift
Let's go to the fullest capacity
I got tenacity, because I have to be
The brother who must live and give with much insight
Foresight to ignite, excite and delight
And you might gain from it, or feel pain from it
Because I'm ultimate, and I'm about to let off
Knowledge is wisdom, understanding
Truth's the proof, so won't you throw a hand
in the air, put up a peace sign and be fine
If so we're feeling good we should we could we would
Stop, think for a moment OK?
And then sway while I convey that we must do away
with all the stress and the strife, so god bless your life
Use kindness, and never blindness
And you will find that this perspective is best, check it out
These are the words that I manifest, I manifest

I convey that what I say will awaken you today
After jockin while I'm talkin, but anyway
that you put it I give you, lyrics to live to
Righteousness rules, so I forgive you this time
For you are being very ignorant
That's insignificant, I guess you figured and
hoped to be, dope as me, ID you flee
Because the rest is too much for you
I'm your professor, I got the touch to
do more than the rest who fess and can't compete
I'm elite I'll defeat delete and mistreat
Make mincemeat of other fools, cause I'm the brother who'll
snatch up the funds and, make lonely ones
I meant it really, cause I'm clearly obsessed and I
These are the words that I manifest, I manifest

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Gusto"

Keith E.E. emcee on a spree I'm goin for this
cause draws applause, yes I adore this
I'll reteach with speech, I can accomplish
I've got to flaunt this, I'm not a pessimist
Yo I'm an optimist, that's why I'm droppin this
I'm good I got style, cause I've stood for a while
In the shadows of the others gettin mellow with the brothers
called the Gang, and yes I can hang
Progressin with my lesson while I do my thang

I've got gusto
"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]

You say your rhymes flow, I say I'm spontaneous
Rockin the place, I'm not mainly just
sayin some words that are weak or incoherent
And it's apparent, that you fear us, the Gang
but I'm still a peace seeker
I'm in your face, don't have to sneak ya
Dope rhymes speaking with wisdom of a preacher
and I'm here, cause you've been victimized
I'm sincere, I see through gifted eyes
So yo, we're gonna see what the race is
That's where you groups, will have to face us
And you can bet we'll be in tip-top shape
Nice so precise with a hip-hop update
Wait, I got a shoutout for the ladies
Come check me baby, don't underrate me
Cause I'm a man with the plan for all
The Guru, to groove you, get out the wall

I've got gusto
"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]

I've got gusto, so I'm kickin it well
I got gusto, with much clientele
So I pump it, to a higher decibel
Have a seat, listen cause the rest it goes smooth
and improve and bust a move
I am the man with the true blue potential
I am essential, I drive you mental and back
Attack mack and rap
And as you calm I will romp
Like a giant I stomp

I've got gusto
"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]

Really? Right, you wanna be a emcee?
Then go against me -- boy don't even tempt me
Cause I go house on the freestyle tip
Math you and blast you and then just shift
into hype gear, no fear, I persevere
Year after year, rehearsin verse so clear
Cause I've been into rhymin man for like eons
And every stage, word I wanna be on
So I can show you how it's gotta be done
I never run or shun, I've just begun

I've got gusto
"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]
..

"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]

Ahhh yeah... gusto...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Positivity (Remix)"

[Chubb Rock] "Now let's get off this negative tip, and go positive"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Now is the chance to advance and get an outlook
Create the circumstance, because I doubt books
can relay, words this way, so I'll portray
a new image, and let's begin as
members who pledge to, look up ahead to
a beautiful world, though we've been led to
believe it will not be and, we still are seein
Agreein there'll be peace, the wealth will increase
and we'll prosper, you know like flourishin
The rhyme I toss ya, it will be nourisihin
Cause I must bring, ideals for better living see
Because I do believe in positivity

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Weak is the clown, much weaker is the fool
I'll overrule to duel and to school
For reasons that are so deep, I don't need no cheap
people to identify, I'll just say hi and bye
Since I'm an optimist, I'll turn and walk with this
tape playing loudly, inside my headphones
MC's that crowd me, turn into headstones
Because I don't have time for, powerless minds or
suckers who suck, because I find more
interesting topics, you can not stop it
I drop it and rock it I shock it, that's how I'm livin B
I have to live my life with positivity

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Havin nothin to lose, so much to win
Bein grateful for my darker skin, I take you for a spin
and then begin to groove and sooth and move your whole
crew, the Guru, and truth I wanna give to you
So watch as I break through to your dome
Cause I'm prone to give a message, then back home
is where I'm goin, still knowin, my life's right
and that days to come, will be fun
I'll achieve, I'll receive, and I'll be livin free

Me and my DJ Premier with positivity... positivity!

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
So if you're generatin positivity out there
You know that's the move
Yo me and Premier, and dancer H.L. Rock
We always got positivity
Brooklyn, the Boogie Down
All the boroughs got positivity
Jersey, Philly, Boston, Houston, Cleveland
L.A., and the rest of the country's got positivity
The U.K., Germany, the rest of Europe's got positivity
And of course AFRICA and the rest of the world
They all have positivity
Cause everybody should have positivity
Peace and Bless

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Conscience Be Free"

[Guru]
All, all.. let's get together now
This is the time for gettin fresh for the weather now
Seek the sheik speakin, and those keepin the faith
We won't have to hesitate
We just skate, straight, into the heart of it
This is the scene and I'm the Dean and here's the start of it
So see how things should be, and come along with me
Agree with this decree, and let your conscience be free

[Erick Sermon] "Let your conscience be free"
[cut n scratched by Premier]

[Guru]
Release me, ? me, so I can set it off
And if your body's feelin hottie won't you sweat it off
Flow and go, farther, because we are the
crusaders -- so you know we can create our own fate
Great, let's get into it now
Ain't nothin to it but to do it now, fluent now
Word, you heard, this is the verdict now
You can shake it don't you break it don't you hurt it now
Flex, bend, and twist, into a motion of
just bein down with the sound -- I'll give a potion of
vocab, so go grab, the one of your choice so
Then you'll feel good like you should, and you'll rejoice so
see how things could be, and come along with me
Agree with this decree, and let your conscience be free

[Erick Sermon] "Let your conscience be free"
[cut n scratched by Premier]

[Guru]
Girls, girls.. these are the details
I like sophisticated, liberated females
Dutch, treat, I have no qualms with it
Your shape is neat, and I'd like to grace my palms with it
Clocked the suave talkin, you won't be walkin away
Because I know that you'll stay
for my play, and sway, to rhythm pumpin baby
You must admit this is legit and you'll jumpin maybe
hold up, wait up, and don't get too excited
For genuine is the line while others you invited
Time for rhyme makin, and never fakin the move
So get involved with the groove
while I prove, smooth, that's how I kick it to you
Because with all the respect, I wanna stick it to you

see how things could be, and come along with me
Agree with this decree, and let your conscience be free

[Erick Sermon] "Let your conscience be free"
[cut n scratched by Premier]

[Guru]
What's up, what? I am continuin
All the chumps and the punks, I'll do em in and then
pose for those lookin, that put the crooks in the cell
Cause they're the wrong personnel
I propel, swell, and I start blowin up
All the babiest ones they should be growin up
Bright, lights, I'm shinin on you now
This is the time and the place, peace be upon you now
see how things could be, and come along with me
Agree with this decree, and let your conscience be free
Let your conscience be free

[Erick Sermon] "Let your conscience be free" "Relax your mind"
[cut n scratched by Premier]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Cause And Effect"

[Guru]
You ain't livin right punk, I'll have to school you
Not rule you, but I'll say yo you fool yourself
When you try to deny and defy written laws
This means your cause has lost
Think about it, take the time, and even ponder longer
Then let your mind start to wander
Go black and track the facts, about all of your mistakes
It only takes to one to make fate
Pick up your life, clean up your act, and get a legal plan
You can, or be an evil man
Caught, and then you claim you're not responsible
The choice was yours, when the fun's gone you will realize
that you don't get somethin for nothin, why you bluffin?
Others even brothers are stuffin their pockets
with honest cash, they'll laugh, so don't knock it
Jock it, cause the Guru must stop it
I'll jab you, smack you, crack -- you're demolished
You must acknowledge -- life is like a college in itself
Get a degree in reality
Or you will be upon it like a lawn you'll be walked on
Gone, never to see or be the same again
Friend, cause the time you spend
Bringin down yourself, bringin down the pace
Bringin down your friends, bringin down the race
will have your life in a wreck
And homeboy life is cause and effect

[Primo scratches]

[Guru]
Exactly what you put in boy, you will get out of it
The energy released comes back, there is no doubt of it
So when you thrive to connive and contrive foolish deeds
This means you'll bleed from greed
Dig the rhyme dig the thought, of what'll happen
You're nappin, you're gonna fall off the map 'n'
lie out, and cry out, why? You got the short end of the stick
Cause you're too quick to run tricks
Open your mind, widen your sight, get out of your rut
MOVE, and get the lead out of your butt
Cause you can't live without a plan to get freshed chump
and you shouldn't stand to let
anything sway you from the path you know is truthful
Chill, cause you know the chosen youth will
take over, and control the whole so don't blow it
Know it, cause the Guru must show it

I'll teach you, reachin each so you're enlightened
Emcees are frightened, by what I write in my songs
Cause I express what I manifest
While some of you fall down to the ground with breakdowns
never to see or be the same again
Friend, cause the time you spend
Bringin down yourself, bringin down the pace
Bringin down your friends, bringin down the race
will have your life in a wreck
And homeboy life is cause and effect

[Primo scratches]

[Guru]
You're still playin games lame, I'll have to end you
Straight to the gate of fate, so you can claim your doom
Will you decay as you pay in repentance
I light my sentence like incense
Breathe in, expel your fears as you marvel
Heed what I feed, you won't starve you'll make it
But if you don't, you will be finished
You'll dissapear, you will diminish
never to see or be the same again
Friend, cause the time you spend
Bringin down yourself, bringin down the pace
Bringin down your friends, bringin down the race
will leave you bugged and upset
Cause homeboy life is cause and effect
Cause and effect!!

[Primo scratches]

[Guru]
Once again, Premier and the Guru
It's like that

Gang Starr Lyrics

"2 Steps Ahead"

[Guru]
Chumps tryin me, but when they eyein me
I build in skills, and to enhance my chances
I'm thrilled, to be involved with solvin
all the problems, with the way that the sound
has gone down, so I frown at the scene
where you be takin it, and like the winds of change
I'll be breakin it up, shakin it up
Clearing it out, airing it out, and bearing the clout
on my chest, like a crest that rests
on a tidal wave, only the good I'll save
when I plunge, and engulf the ones
who aren't sons, who converse with ? and make friends
Yo, I recommend that you get back there
and sit back there, contemplate, calculate
and concentrate on these rhymes, that I picked to stick
to your mind, and then I'll raise you straight
to the next phase, cause I will amaze
with much force, and like the power that comes
from the source, which is greater and stronger, of course
If you didn't know, I will tell you
That all the blind no-minds I give Hell to
And if you comprehend what is said
Then you'll be stayin two steps ahead

"one, two" steps ahead
"one, two" steps ahead

"one, two" *[cut and scratched by Premier]*

[Guru]
I can't work with, those jerks who front
with the mic, cause I never liked fabrications
Wack creations that lack authenticity
For some time in my mind I've been wishin the
fiends who do would just yield
And at the foot of my bed, I have kneeled
Thus revealed as a gift I have nurtured
and I hurt ya if you're not knowin
That the musical need is now growin
And like a man obsessed, I must
go all out, show all out, blow all out
throw all out, get on out of my path
Cause I laugh at the ones with no gas
I surpass the class to get geesed
like the way the ballistic's released
And I won't cease til I cap them

or slap the saps with my rappin
Continue on with my journey
All the negative ones don't concern me
My eyes are wise, I got cause to live
positive, have to give, every way
every day of my life, so I fight for the right
and get hype, so heed what I feed
and get fed, then you'll be livin two steps ahead

"one, two" steps ahead
"one, two" steps ahead

"one, two" *[cut and scratched by Premier]*

[Guru]
I'm way ahead of you, yes I'm on top
It's me instead of you, with the lyrics you fear it
so get near it, and then you'll hear it clear
and concise, cause I paid the price to be
talking here, rocking there, shocking here
stop and stare, then compare if you wish
Because the others fess, I insist
So I will assist you to blend with this
bend with this, tend with this, fend with this
As I ascend with my orals
You define and defy with high morals
And at the spot I will stop to throw darts
at the ones who proclaim with no aim
cause they don't hold the fame, they're on mine
And since I'm well inclined and divine
I will have to ask you to come in
Move along with the tongue and the drummin
Progress and let the blessings be read
and you'll be staying two steps ahead

"one, two" steps ahead
"one, two" steps ahead

"one, two" *[cut and scratched by Premier]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"No More Mr. Nice Guy"

Punks will always scheme to, create a means
to take my kindness, for weakness, cause they don't seem to
respect my generosity, and what it's costin me
is headaches, I don't like fakes, or people bossin me around
You clown, it's time I beat you down
You tried to play me betray me and slay me, and now you'll drown
in the river, I'll give ya, reasons you should shiver
Cause when I get to wreckin and deckin, I won't forgive ya
You had the opportunity, for bein cool with me
You stabbed me in the back you duck, and now you're soon to be
disarmed, embalmed, I'll break off all your arms
and then your legs, you'll beg, I'll crack you like a egg
and spill your yolk, you joke, I'll duff you in the eye
and you'll say, "Why?" And bleeding and pleading, you'll start to cry
and I'll reply with a confident sigh, "There'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Yo ?, this is somethin that I wanna tell to you, sell to you
and as I speak you girlies yell to your friends, "Yo it's him!
He's shockin again!" This is the season for breezin with reason
because I'm in, charge of the attack on suckers who just rap on
wack track that lack that snap, while I just mack on
Honies who look good and, they all want the wood in
They push up, to get up close, to serve me puddin
And I just tell em, "Look here, I am not a crook there"
but I like to snatch em all, cause like a hook they're stuck
struck, they tried to press their luck
They wanna tease me and skeeze me and please me, to squeeze the bucks
from my pocket that is bulging, I'm not indulging
in lame games with phony dames, too busy buildin my fortress
Score this, drink while I pour this
I'm livin and givin my rhymes, so I'll ignore this
Garbage you are runnin, I am not the one and
you'll never get to vamp me tramp cause I'll be stunning your mind
I'll sign, my name on your behind and cool you off
like frost, I'm leary of the way you double cross
Get lost, I'll tell you you are fly and say goodbye
And burning and yearing you'll ask my why
And I'll reply with a wink of an eye, "There'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Oh sure, you're, running back for me
I'ma great you defeat you and beat you, show you the door

Cause you ain't really welcome, you know you're seldom
thinkin of your fellow man, but you still til them
You wanna be a friend then, you keep pretendin
You're two-faced, so you'll taste, just what I'm sendin
POW, now, you're shaken sayin WOW
You stare, you fear, my wrath is too severe
I never let up so get up I'm fed up, and I don't care
I'll duff you in the eye and you'll say, "Why?"
While you're bleeding and pleading, you'll start to cry
and I'll reply, "Either do or you die,
cause there'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Knowledge"

(feat. Damo D-Ski)

[Guru]
Take your time, recline and make your mind up
I feel fine, so I'm gonna wind up
Here's the pitch, check the switch, now watch me
hit you right to this, while I pursue this
desire, to get you, on up to step to
rhythms and rhymes, cause I respect you
Unless you're a biting one, a non-writing one
Reciting some of my lines, although you are blind
you'll see my shadow, rather my silhouette
But I'll be glad though, knowin your pillow's wet
And that you're upset, cause you thought you brought
the answer -- to this dilemma in rap but I'll vamp you with

KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE *[echoes]*

[Damo D-Ski]
Pure is my thought, my spirit is my heart
I shall embark to spark my fine art
of oratory wisdom, emcees I quiz them
on terms and techniques, then I'll wreck each with speech
I win the science fair, so you don't you try and scare
me with your threats and, idle atrocities
I am the best and yo I am your boss at these
methods and forms of, causin swarms of fans
just to dance, like thunder storms of
what it must take to, crush you or break you
If I dislike you, I may not hate you
It's just that you sound weak when, you think you're speakin

KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE *[echoes]*

[Guru]
The rhymes are peaceful like yoga, and yo I know the
time must be mine, so I'm gonna throw the
whole kit n kaboodle in, while you sit doodlin
Scribblin, now wipe your mouth cause it's dribblin
That's nasty, so how you gonna get past me?
Whatcha babblin punk? I have to put a rattle in
your hand, and then I'll serve you like an infant
Put a bib on you, and feed you in-stan-taneously
Rhymes that'll be, famous from me
The Keith double-E, cause you're a faker
And I will take the mic from you and make the
brothers and sisters unite, while we relate the

KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE *[echoes]*

[Damo D-Ski]
I'm glowin with intensity, cause I've been sent to G
off as your boss, because you lack identity
You're quite immature and, you sound very boring
Like a raft I'll bring you back, up onto the shore and
give you time to dry out, while I just try out
my hunch that with one punch, yo I could put that eye out
But violence, is never my first choice
I use my voice to make you rejoice
In agreement with our program, cause there is no man
Who can give you more of this, and you can be sure of this
fact that I'm exact, cause I got it down pat
We are scholars risin, we're exercisin our

KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE *[echoes]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Positivity"

[Guru]
Now is the chance to advance and get an outlook
Create the circumstance, because I doubt books
can relay, words this way, so I'll portray
a new image, and let's begin as
members who pledge to, look up ahead to
a beautiful world, though we've been led to
believe it will not be and, we still are seein
Agreein there'll be peace, the wealth will increase
and we'll prosper, you know like flourishin
The rhyme I toss ya, it will be nourisihin
I must bring, ideals for better living see
Because I do believe in positivity

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Weak is the clown, much weaker is the fool
I'll overrule to duel and to school
For reasons that are so deep, I don't need no cheap
people to identify, I just say hi and bye
Since I'm an optimist, I'll turn and walk with this
tape playing loudly, inside my headphones
MC's that crowd me, turn into headstones
Because I don't have time for, powerless minds or
suckers who suck, because I find more
interesting topics, you can not stop it
I drop it and rock it I shock it, that's how I'm livin B
I like to live my life with positivity

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Havin nothin to lose, so much to gain
Bein grateful for my darker skin, I take you for a spin
and then begin to groove and sooth and move your whole
crew, the Guru, and truth I wanna give to you
So watch as I break through to your dome
Cause I'm prone to give a message, then back home
is where I'm goin, still knowin, my life's right
and that days to come, will be fun
I'll achieve, I'll receive, and I'll be livin free
Me and my DJ Premier with positivity... positivity! Yeah

"Positive but never negative"

[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
So if you're generatin positivity out there
You know that's the move
Yo me and Premier, we always got positivity
DJ Tommy Hill, he got positivity
Damo D-Ski, got positivity
Brooklyn, the Boogie Down
All the boroughs.. got positivity
Boston, Philly, New Jersey, Houston
The rest of the hip-hop world.. got positivity
Peace

GANG STARR
SAINTS
STEP IN THE ARENA

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Name Tag (Premier & The Guru)"

[Guru]
The DJ's name is Premier, and I'm the Guru *[echoes]*
[x2]

[music fades]

[sound of a large crowd cheerin]

Will you please!
Will you please, take your seats and clear the aisles?!

[rapping sound, three times]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Step In The Arena"

[DJ Premier cuts the phrase] "Step up..." over and over

[Guru]
Once you step in the arena, cheater; you're gonna be a-
mazed when you gaze at the armor on this leader
Fully clad and glad to find a cause, I won't pause
Fear is a joke, slowpoke, I'm like claws
that'll rip 'cause your gift, is merely flesh
Superficial and I wish you, would give it a rest
But if you don't, I'll unsheath my Excalibur
Like a noble knight, so meet ya challenger
A true hero, while you're a through zero
Gettin beat to a pulp so that you can't run for help
I heard a gulp in your throat, cause you hope that I'll be merciful
but coo-cluck, I made you strut as I rehearse a few
battle drills, and watch your bladder spill
yellow fluid, check out how I mellowed into it
Face to feet to defeat, you can tell I'm into it
As I'm pullin out my lance, to kill you and advance to
the winner's throne; cause I own you once you step in the arena

[DJ Premier cuts the phrase] "Step up..." over and over

[Guru]
In the arena... or rather colliseum
There's people gatherin by multitudes to see one
perpretrator fall to the dust after the other
Quickly disposed of at the hand of a known brother
Born wit the art in his heart that is Spartacus
And one-to-one combat Jack, just a thought of this
match-up, makes GangStarr wanna snatch up
one or two phrases from the new book with new pages
of rhymes that are built like a chariot
Dope vocals carry it, to the battle set
If a beat was a princess, I would marry it
But now I must bow to the crowd as I stand proud
Victorius, glorious, understand now
cause battles and wars and much fights I have been through
One MC got beheaded, and you can too
Forget it, cause you'd rather be just a spectator
An onlooker, afraid you may get slayed or
struck by a blow, from a mic gladiator
I betcha that later you might be sad that you played yourself
cause you stepped up, chest puffed out
And in just one lyric, you got snuffed out
Cause rhymin is serious, I'm strong, I'm like Hercules
You'll get hurt with these lines, close the curtains please

and suckers can jet cause I wreck once you step in the arena

[DJ Premier cuts the phrase] "Step inside my... arena" over and over

[Guru]
In the arena or forum, weak MC's I will floor 'em
Causin mayhem, I'll slay them, and the blood'll be pourin
Furthermore I implore, that as a soldier of war
I go in only to win and be the holder of more
trophies, titles, and triumphs cause I dump all the sly chumps
Never choosin to lose my spot, not once
For the mere idea of an opponent that I fear
is foolish utterly, I mean but none'll be
tryin to toy wit a destroyer of many
You shitted your pants cause you can't figure any
foe that can step to this concept so
tou better sit again citizen, weak MC's I get rid of them
Watch the way they get distraught when they get caught
in the worst positions, cause they didn't listen
and tried goin up against a hungry killer who's itchin
to mame and murder, those who claimed that they were the
toughest ones, they get done once they step in the arena

[DJ Premier cuts the phrase] "Step inside my... arena"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Form Of Intellect"

[DJ Premier cuts:]
[KRS-One:] "Intelligent but not yet equivalent"

[Guru]
Tell me, do you have a clue of what to do
Can you groove to this smooth tune, you must presume
it's important, for you to follow this creation
And hey Son, life is more than having fun
So run and get some help with the problems that you face
Take a taste of the bass put your perspective in place
Get real, deep, so you can keep involved
Revolve and solve, so you can make the calls
like a supervisor he who is wiser than the others
Cause they need someone to advise them to discover
things that they don't know so the papers I will check
Then they'll start to grow to this form of intellect

[DJ Premier cuts:]
[unknown:] "individual with intellect"

[Guru]
When the road is too steep, do you have the stamina
First album took us two weeks, since then we have been plannin
an exclusive attraction, produce it to your satisfaction
Those of you lackin, we will put you back in your slime
so you can think and get a grip of
yourself by yourself, and then you'll get a sip of
a gift that's equipped with the script that shocks
You can take a walk ?on God?
With your mouth wide open, hoping you can find a
way to display similar actions in a kind of mockery
Cause you don't realize the cost to be
creative genius please, I'm too clean to play
Glance per chance, watch GangStarr perfect
And dance your pants like champs, to this form of intellect

[DJ Premier cuts:]
[Lord Finesse:] "Man with intellect"

Valuable solutions, we invent here
Break and remake the cupcakes to show we've been sent here
to serve you, so swallow this and bite it
And why bring, ignorance when we're inviting
you to get advancement, while you're on the dance tip
And don't you know the transcript will make you shake hips
Or chill at will, and with skill, you'll learn some etiquette
Better get the subject or be last at the predicate

And get a set, of headphones and speakers
As lyrical lessons manifest, I will keep you
abrest of the best, in this rap mess
Oversaturated market, full of wackness
I'm Gifted Unlimited, Rhymes Universal
The GURU, nursing you with a verse spilled
Don't choke, and don't turn blue in a frenzy
Premier's severe, on the steel wheels he lends me
spontaneous cuts, but not mainly just that
It's the scratching format, exact with maddening accuracy
Craftily, on the side or in back of me
Nastily, as if his name was Dick Dastardly
Original so get it yo the Gang gets respect
The chain and the star is a symbol, of this form of intellect

[DJ Premier cuts:] "intelligent but not yet equivalent" *[to the end]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Execution Of A Chump (No More Mr. Nice Guy Pt. 2)"

I knew this chump see... he tried to play me
He was my right hand man, but he betrayed me
I let him chill at my crib, cause we were down and
I went to work everyday while he was loungin
He tried to backstab, he kept on jokin
He didn't know he could've got his back broken
I had to cut homeboy off for even tryin that
His game was mad weak, know what I'm sayin black?
Stepped to him quietly, he copped a plea
Told him to fix it or I'd have to catch a body
In this society, there's many snakes
Don't be too eager when you're seeking a break
Cause chumps will exploit, use you to benefit
So just be keen and, learn all the ins of it
I've had my share, of dealing with fake men
I left them squealing, "It was I who did the taking"
Proceeding exactly, according to plan
I foiled the scheme cause it seemed I was that man
And if you step up like the kid who did front
You will bear witness... the execution of a chump

Now, now... let's get the purpose of it
I'm snatchin hearts out of chumps, cause I deserve to love it
Observin acts of a snake, while I evaluate
Eliminate the nucleus, I'm doin this
Pissed usin fists usin force of any sort
My conscience says it's nonsense, if I put up with it
It meaning sleazy, sorry-type slick types
I'll drive em all to danger, and make em hitchike
Cause if you step up like the kid who did front
You will bear witness... the execution of a chump

Call me the Guru... known as a spiritual teacher
I'll reach you deftly, directly, correctly so select me
Elect me as your prophet and we'll praise him as I drop it
Pursue this, review this, I knowledge more than buddhist monks, punk
I'll wreck the set and grab a big chunk
Known to be a wise one, known to be a seeker
Following my calling in life, so I can keep the
minds in line to find devine designs of rhyme
Rewind this on your box one time
But if you step up like the kid who did front
You will bear witness... the execution of a chump

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Who's Gonna Take The Weight?"

[Intro]
"Knowledge is power, and knowledge can be the difference between life
or death...you should know the truth and the truth shall set you free."

[Verse 1]
I was raised like a Muslim
Prayin' to the East
Nature of my life relates rhymes I release
like a cannon
Cuz I been plannin' to be rammin' what I wrote
straight on a plate down your throat
So digest as I suggest we take a good look
At who's who while I'm readin' from my good book
And let's dig into every nook and every cranny
Set your mind free as I slam these thoughts
And just like a jammy goes pow *[FX: Gunshots]*
You're gonna see what I'm sayin' now
You can't be sleepin'
cuz things are gettin' crazy
You better stop being lazy
There's many people frontin'
And many brothers droppin'
All because of dumb things, let me tell you somethin'
I've been through so much that I'm such
a maniac, but I still act out of faith
that we can get the shit together so I break
on fools with no rhymes skills messin' up the flow
And people with no sense who be movin' much too slow
And so, you will know the meaning of the Gang Starr
Guru with the mic and Premier raise the anchor
swiftly, as we embark on a journey
I had to get an attorney
I needed someone to defend my position
Decisions I made, cuz now it's time to get paid
And ladies, these rhymes are like the keys to a dope car
Maybe a Lexus or a Jaguar
Still, all of that is just material
So won't you dig the scenario
And just imagine if each one is teachin' one
We'll come together so that we become
A strong force, then we can stay on course
Find your direction through introspection
And for my people out there I got a question
Can we be the sole controllers of our fate?
Now who's gonna take the weight?

[Verse 2]

The weight of the world is heavy on my mind
So as my feelings unwind I find
That some try to be down just cuz it's trendy
Others fall victim to envy
But I'll take the road less travelled
So I can see all my hopes and my dreams unravel
Relievin' your stress, expressin' my interest
In the situation that you're facin'
That's why I'm down with the Nation
Spirituality supports reality
We gotta fight with the right mentality
So we can gain what is rightfully ours
This is the meaning of the chain and the star
Land is power, so gimme forty acres
Let's see how far I can take ya
Original invincible
That's how I'm lookin' at it
I use my rhymes like a Glock automatic
Any means necessary, I'm goin' all out
Before the rains bring the nuclear fallout
So let me ask you, is it too late?
Ayo, who's gonna take the weight

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Beyond Comprehension"

Expanding the depth of your brainpower
Ours is a better gift, not to be bragging nor lolligagging
I can see dimensions of sound and light around my mic
Transmitting lyrics like teletype
Reacting to a beat in a whisper
And like a transistor, I'm sounding dope when I'm crisper
The shortest length between two points is a straight line
I've gotta take mine, I heard it through the grapevine
that some can't find hype lines (hype lines...)
And so I'm smothering, over my prey I am hovering
Suckers I'm shoving at the same time covering
you with the blanket of some language that's distinguished
How swift can I get? You ask and I'll tell
For I can excel real well like a gazelle
Past your head, I'm grabbin abstract thought
Like some gain glory, while others get no part
I feel for the hurt ones, the victims of wrong deeds
Awareness is key, our people have strong needs
Science, math, history theology
Philosophy psychology english and biology
Et cetera, and all of these have a purpose
But genocide makes me nervous
So many questions, many opinions to mention
And damn (damn...) this jam's beyond comprehension

Like planets in orbit, we ride the life cycle
Some take a rifle on the street cause it seems neat
Whatever turns you on I guess, that's why vests are in season
I'll do my show then I'm leavin
I'd rather be blastin dope sounds on the other side of town
than be there when they close the place down
But anyway, everyday, there's another way
for a person to just flip, so a brother may
simply go buckwild, get crazy and mad
I know the struggle my father had
Poetry it comes from within, and will always win
Hold captive bodies from end to end
And at a party, I'll survey then slay with the quickness
Displaying the fitness
Easing the mind and relieving the tension
And singing my own song... that's beyond comprehension

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Check The Technique"

[Guru]
You puny protozoa, you're so minute you didn't know the
Gang has been watchin but instead of just squashin you
I'm scoopin you up out of the muck you wallow in
like a cheif chemist, other scientists are followin
Plannin to examine you, on a petrie dish
Sticking you and frickin you, just a teenie bit
I'm clever, with science, but never relyin
on false words from cowards who forever be tryin
Insistin they come off, I let 'em get some off
Then come back wit drum tracks, their ears could get numb off
Blockbustin, like makin love, I'll never stop thrustin
into your system, so just listen
I'm like a neurosurgeon, operatin wit a purer version
I write prescriptions, of words that fit in
The thought gets prescribed, as I kick it live
Cause it's more that a style, it's conceptual genius
My effect on the scene is, to project that I mean this
You deadbeat, wait until you see my next feat
I get respect for the rep when I speak
Check the technique

[DJ Premier cuts]
"Check the technique.." *[x3]*
"Check the technique and see if you can follow it"

[Guru]
I'm rushin you like a defensive end as I recommend
that you comprehend, I could stomp you in
a battle, contest, or war, what will occur
will be the forfeiture, of your immature
insecure for sure, meek, weak visions of grandeur
To rudely awaken you, and then'll be breakin you
Taxin without askin and trackin and snakin you
Makin you succumb to the drums of GangStarr
By far we are, truly gifted ones son
But if you were to speculate or estimate us losin
you'll be dyin, tryin to face the fate of your delusions
Cause miscalculation, is all you're statin
So I'm chumpin, puntin punks just like footballs
Cause I wanna put y'all, back in the messhall
to clean up the slop, and stop all the bullcrap
Your rap's crazy wack, so don't try to pull that
You're lackin the vernacular, I'm slappin ya and cappin ya
and closin your jaw, cause you can't mess with GangStarr
The Guru and Premier always dope with the blessed beats
Dance your ass off Hobbes, check the technique

[DJ Premier cuts]
"Check the technique.." *[x4]*

[Guru]
"Bon voyage", "Sayanora", "Arriva derci"
Your ass gets busted doodoo mustard, you tried to work me
You irked me - because you copy and falsify
And I don't care how many step up, cause you all can try
to wish and fish for a style, here's a fishin rod
These rhymes are hittin hard, constantly I'm gettin large
Inevitably, I readily kick a slew
of lyrics so deep, so don't sleep, but just peep me
Puttin methods on records and spinning for each millisecond
33 RPM's displays the art of men
And as my rhymin builds you see my time it's chill
..and then I look upon weak ones
I'm teachin each one so they become redone
Essays are relayed to twist you up like French braids
or tied up like corn braids, cause I got a strong way
Force like police raids to never be delayed
I once was the least paid but I made the grade
Cause this ain't a slave sale and I ain't the same stale
rapper, no, I'm not a phony microphonist wit no blaster
No type of real appeal or real - talent
And it makes me violent man
To see all of these peewee bee MC wannabees
makin G's for some dumb companies
and lots of money but no idea what is rap and what is dope
So check out what the Guru wrote
Cause I will prevail, give you tales as I unveil
Have enough braincells so I can stay paid well
Now I'm in the driver's seat, and rockin the liver beats
Bouncin and boomin and blastin you to the next seat
Shiek and unique with lots of kick like a cleat
Check the technique

(.. chief unique technique..)
(.. chief unique technique..)

[DJ Premier cuts]
"Check the technique.." *[x3]*
"Check the technique and see if you can follow it"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Love Sick"

[Verse 1]
Strangely enough I've been struck
Affected by her smile
And yo, her style is worthwhile
And knowing that I'm deep like a river
I feel I should give her
Things that those others can't deliver
Contrary to what I had wished
it seems that I've been dissed
But hey, I don't want to miss this
wonderful opportunity
My boys they try schoolin' me
But see I know what I want
Someone who'll be there for the whole nine
This honey is so fine
But now she's hung up the line
Upset because I told her I'm busy
She made like a grizzly
And started chewin' my head off
Screamin' that I spend more time with friends
And also, she said I ruined her weekend
I said "I know the stuff we had planned
but please understand
Right now I'm loungin' with my man"
I guess I didn't realize I'd hurt her
She said I had the nerve to
just neglect her like that
Then she started bringing up past things
and she kept asking
how come our love isn't lasting
I said, "Hey baby, please calm down
cuz I'm still around
and it's for you that my heart pounds
Can I call you later on?
You say I treat you wrong?
But why you flippin' on me?"
She said something else and then click
Left me alone on the phone with the tone
And now I'm lovesick

[Verse 2]
Relationships can grip with the pain
Arguments in the crib, in the streets, on the train
I'm crazy fed but then still
When she ain't there I feel sad, I feel ill
Frowning cuz I'm down in the dumps
The other night I took her out

so she could shake her rump
But after we were there for a few
Some girls that I knew
Stepped up and asked me to come to
a party they were havin' at their house
I looked at my girl, and yo, she started walkin' out
I said "Hey love, just wait for a second
And won't you just check it?
It's all a part of makin' records
Those were just some friends in the business
No need to get angry
So listen up while I kick this
And what about the things we discussed
about havin' trust?
What's all this attitude stuff?
Now hon, you know that I wouldn't play you
But time after time, you let your jealousy sway you
Hey don't you turn your back like that
Come on, this is wack
You're heated up like a thermostat"
Then she stepped off in a whirlwind
and I don't know when
or if I'm gonna see her again
I coulda sworn she was the right one to pick
But now...man I'm just lovesick

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Here Today, Gone Tomorrow"

Many MC's are mislead
Mislead by the lies that they pump in their heads
The money and the fame that they're hoping to find
Will never come close to the scope of my rhyme
Now some have been succesful but really
And yo, these MC's are clearly not nearly
Up to this level or should I say caliber
Because I'm hype that the company's selling me
Because they'll take a dud, talk some crud and then push him
But in the next year, someone new will just squoosh him
Because when you sell out to appeal to the masses
You have to go back and enroll in some classes
So cash in your check 'cause it's the last one you get
The tables have turn and now you ain't in effect
So jet to the rear and you better just follow
'Cause what's here today maybe gone tomorrow

Here and gone in a flash, some made cash
While other suckers go broke real fast
Some never make any money but still they act funny
Like they're thinking they're running
Things, wearing rings and medallions
Then listen to their rhymes when we rather take valiums
'Cause swiftness and skills they are lacking
So I send them packing, they should have know not to tax in
And smashing all of the vocals to smithereens
Watching them collecting themselves 'cause they ?(bitter seen)?
But some find happiness while others find sorrow
And what's here today, maybe gone tomorrow

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take A Rest"

[Sugarhill Gang] "Now what you hear is not a test"
[cut up x4 by DJ Premier]

[Guru]
Well goodness gracious, let me just take this
time out to pull a rhyme out, and update this
For you and yours, simply because
Some MC's have luck but suck
So I pluck em like feathers on the back of a chicken
Cause I'm mad like a pit when my man says, "sick 'em"
Positive is the mindstate, but it could still mean that
I will kick a ill, malicious like mean rap
Suckers they forced me, to knock em all out and
They think they know things, like what I'm about and
They try to analyze criticize scandalize
The outcome is death, don't ask me to sympathize
Realize, that I'm not to be played with
I'll flip so fast, you won't know I'm the same kid
I'm tired and fed, with all the weak stuff said
All the phony-baloney, that went out like Pro-Keds
You've got no leads, so you shoot blanks
It's me the crowd thanks as I step to the top ranks
Bankin my money, and investin it wisely
Snatchin up chumps when they try to sneak by me
I'm the dominant one, call me the prominant one
And as I'm speakin I'll be bombin the dumb
deaf and blind cause I was born with a sharp mind
Eatin MC's with ease like it's lunchtime
or crunchtime, when they get done without warning
I'll bust that butt from nighttime til morning
Your song's boring, and so I'm scoring
much points cause when it's time to throw joints
I cause havoc, the mic I grab is like savage
I invade the stage, and make you get off
The force is like a three-eight, blowin your head off
And that's just in case you might be wearin a vest
Cause you're simply a pest in this mess I suggest you
"Take a rest"

[KRS-One] "If this meaning doesn't manifest, put it to rest"
[DJ Premier cuts x2]

[Guru]
Don't ever sleep son, peep one or two of these lines here
Arranged by a great brain, delivering rhymes clear
and concise with a nice dope voice and
killin the fakes like a taste of some poison

Punks are thinkin they're alla that, their voices are all flat
They're findin their names, in a Wack Rapper's Almanac
Me follow that hollow crap, no way Jose
I'll seek out a better sound, to somethin Premier plays
Days will go by, and soon you'll know why
MC's like me will rise like the Enterprise
Starship, headin straight for the target
Destination, a place where no perpetration
is permitted, the Guru is with it to explain
How some MC's are scared to ride on a Four train
Or any other train in the city, for that matter
Playin a role that they stole like a batter
But I know they ain't so I'll paint the real picture
My vocals go solo and like a bolo I'll hitcha
square in your face I'll crack your ribs and your chest
Cause you thought your off-brand jam was the best
You fessed cause you guessed people would be impressed
I'm gonna bust that bubble on the double "take a rest"

[DJ Premier cuts "take a rest" for the chorus]

[Guru]
Sit back and reflect, ponder and chill out
Rhymes like daggers make blood spill out
But you can't blame me, for bringin disaster
With all these ducks, claimin that they're the masters
Only thing they mastered, is how to get wacker
As I roll uphill, they roll downhill faster
Now they're wondering how they lost their touch
Wanna buy my rhymes but mine cost too much
I'm the innovative one, call me the creative one
and I won't stop til the job is done
All the slobs just run when I come to get some
Cause they know better, than to challenge this go-getter
They get bust you can trust cause I won't let a
booty-ass rapper get wins against me?
I guarantee that I won't act friendly
Cause crabs have a nerve and deserve to get whipped on
Their girls get kissed on, while they get flipped on
I slaughter and slay, or slap em up quick
Cause the lyrics they kick make me seriously sick
No substance, no value, but nevertheless
They're gettin daytime play but I still say they should "take a rest"

[DJ Premier cuts "take a rest" for four bars, then song fades]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"What You Want This Time?"

[Verse 1]
[Scratch: Telephone ringing]
"Who's this? Juanita? Fatima? Solika? Oh, it's Freda?
Look, I have a question, just what is it that you need
A man, a lover, maybe someone to talk to?
Or could it be you're schemin'? Oh, not you!
Well listen, I got this phone installed for business
And who gave you our number? Seriously, what is this?
The new fad? Now you wanna kick it to a rapper,
DJ or dancer? Well I don't have the
Time for no stunts, no hookers and no games
Our name and our fame is for the long way we came
The struggle, the hassle, the hustle, the fight
And you're asking me if you can see me tonight?
Don't you know the Guru's not the type to be out skeezin'
The reason is because I do believe in
Havin' the right to choose the one I want
And, if I had a girl, why would I front?
You're only gonna get your feelings hurt, miss
And truthfully I really don't wanna have to diss
My music means everything to me, it's my life
So make like a camper, and go take a hike
You can't mess with my mind, and don't tie up my line
You called yesterday, so what you want this time?"

[Verse 2]
"A-yo Premier (Yeah?) Who's that knockin' at the door?
(Yo man, it's Vicky) Vicky? Are you sure?
The one from down the block who was actin' all hot
She stops me all the time and says she likes me a lot?
How does she know where we live, I didn't tell her
And word is bond, duke, I'm not the fella
No matter what I say this young lady's persistent
For instance, she watches me from a distance
And if I walk by and I forget to say hi
She pushes up on me and rubs me with her thigh
I told her I was taken, but she doesn't care
A-yo, do me a favour, tell her I'm not here
Forget it, I think she heard my voice already
You can let her in, but I'm tryna cook spaghetti
Oh, hello, how you doin'? Who me? I'm fine
I don't mean to be rude, but...what you want this time?"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Street Ministry"

Presenting you with alternative music
'Cause, yo, the struggle is tough, and we must learn to live through it
Pleasure and pain, pain and pleasure
We gotta maintain a balance to obtain the treasure
Not really preaching or teaching but just reaching
Out to a brother or sister who is keeping
The faith and trying hard to get straight
The time is crucial so I think we must congregate
Let's have a meeting of the minds
Before we all fall and get left far behind
Finding a way is important
Map out a plan, take a stand, you can work it
The future's all in your hands and
So of yourself, yea, you should be demanding
We're all responsible for whatever outcome
That's why I speak over beats for my income
Knowledge is key and if you ask what it is, G
It's just a form of my style of street ministry
Street ministry...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Just To Get A Rep (LP version)"

Stick up kids is out to tax *[x2]*
And this is how the story goes

Brothers are amused by others brother's reps
But the thing they know best is where the gun is kept
'Cause in the night, you'll feel fright
And at the sight of a 4-5th, I guess you just might
Wanna do a dance or two
'Cause they could maybe bust you for self or wit a crew
No matter is you or your brother's a star
He could pop you in check without a getaway car
And some might say that he's a dummy
But sticking you and taking all of your money
It's a daily operation
He might be loose in the park or lurking at the train station
Mad brothers know his name
So he thinks he got a little fame
From the stick-up game
And while we're blaming society
He's at a party with his man
They got their eye on the gold chain
That the next man's wearing
It looks big but they ain't staring
Just thinking of a way and when to get the brother
They'll be long gone before the kid recovers
And back around the way, he'll have the chain on his neck
Claimin' respect, Just to get a rep

Ten brothers in a circle
Had the kid trapped, the one wit the hood, he said, "We'll hurt you"
If you don't run out your dues and pay
Give up the Rolex watch or you won't see another day
See, they were on the attack
And one said, "Yo, you wanna make this to a homicide rap?
Make it fast so we can be on our way
Kick in the rings and everything, ok?"
The kid was nervous and flinching
And little shorty with the 3-8, yo, he was inchin
Closer and closer, put the gun to his head
Shorty was down to catch a body instead
Money was scared so he panicked
Took off his link and his rings and ran frantic
But shorty said, "Now" pulled the trigger and stepped
It was nothing, he did it just to get a rep

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Say Your Prayers"

So many things will happen that one can't explain
You find yourself saying "who me", time and again
They say what goes around, comes around
ahun, so think about it while you're messing up clown
A mother's love and a father's concern
Here is the reason you should listen and learn
'Cause quick schemes and fast living can kill ya
I know how the excitement and danger can thrill ya
But take it from somebody who knows
'Cause after all the highs, you're gonna feel all the lows
This is why knowledge of self is essential
'Cause if you don't have it, you may simply go mental
See, life is not a thing to be toyed wit
'Cause every second, another dream is destroyed wit
The systematic plan devised to erase us
And straight to hell is where they're trying to take us
But never fold and hold back your fears
Have a strong mind and try to say your prayers

Gang Starr Lyrics

"As I Read My S-A"

[DJ Premier scratches] "at this time I have the honor to present to you"

[Guru]
Parahraphs, portraying my viewpoint
So stay attentive, cause this is a new joint
From the G-A-N-G with the info
Lyrical elements emerge from the intro
Forming a poetic mass over pathetic trash
Other writers are outclassed
Surpassed by the words and the wit
Rhymes fit and hit cause that's how we designed it
Page for page, we are the new age
Dope in the videos and dope when we're on stage
Commanding respect with my ink pen while suckers are sinking
as I'm keeping them thinking
Narrating phrases of value, and I can see now you
relate to what I create
From back in the days of my youth, I've looked for the truth
And yo my rhymes are the real proof
New heights and new realms have been reached
by use of my speech along with one of Premier's beats
So listen and we'll show you the best way
and then sway, as I read my S-A

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches again]

[Guru]
Worshipful words giving insight, so just be observant
so you can get this right
My oratory gift is abundant, so dazzling to minds
that you should come get
a glimpse of the one who puts wimps out of work
The script is a mess and they dress like they're jerks
Beyond them, is where I'll be dwellin
The Guru will tell em, why their records ain't sellin
Placin my fingers on the tool, I runaway all fools
when I'm dispersin a verse
Think of an enjoyable moment, then boogie your body
Cause this party I own it
The origin of this is on paper
Vibes will ascend from my mind to each line
I go with the flow as I show expertise
The powers increase as my voice hits the streets
Then gripping your soul with authority
I pour these rhymes in a cup so drink up
And then I might bring another round
Watch the sound pound from the floor to the ground

And keep aware, cause we'll show you the best way
And then sway, as I read my S-A

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Precisely The Right Rhymes"

[Guru]
My subject matter and context are blessed
Vocal inflection connects, it's a slugfest
Ladies approach to hear quotes from the spokesman
Thoughts are like oceans for my lyrics to float in
I'm absolutely astute so salute
You try to be cute, and you get tossed like a crap shoot
Don't misinterpret or slander
Just get with the words and the way I command ya
Cause you're in the right place, and luckily it's the right time
And since I'm inclined, I'll kick precisely the right rhymes

[Premier cuts and scratches] "to kick the right rhyme"

[Guru]
Listen listen listen I'll tell ya
My rhymes are like shelter, or rather like an umbrella
Protecting you from the weak stuff you heard from those creampuffs
about the schemes that they dreamed of
About the way they slayed this one or that one
but won't step to me, cause they know the last one
who tried to match the panache of the Guru
received a curse that was much worse than voodoo
Cause the effect of my voice is immense
It would make more sense if suckers hide in the basement
But yo I don't look for hassles, my rhymes are like castles
I got much flavor and class too
I know you've notice I'm a writer of hype lines
Because I'm inclined, to kick precisely the right rhymes

[Premier cuts and scratches] "to kick the right rhyme"

[Guru]
Precisely the right rhymes, simplistic but packed
with power and punch, and yo you might want to step back
But stay close as your host serves hors d'oeveurs
Satisfying your cravings, and calming your nerves
See I have an interest, in giving you more than the next man
Cause my style is pure and
if you are sane and remain in your right mind
You'll see I'm inclined, to kick precisely the right rhymes

[Premier cuts and scratches] "to kick the right rhyme"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Meaning Of The Name"

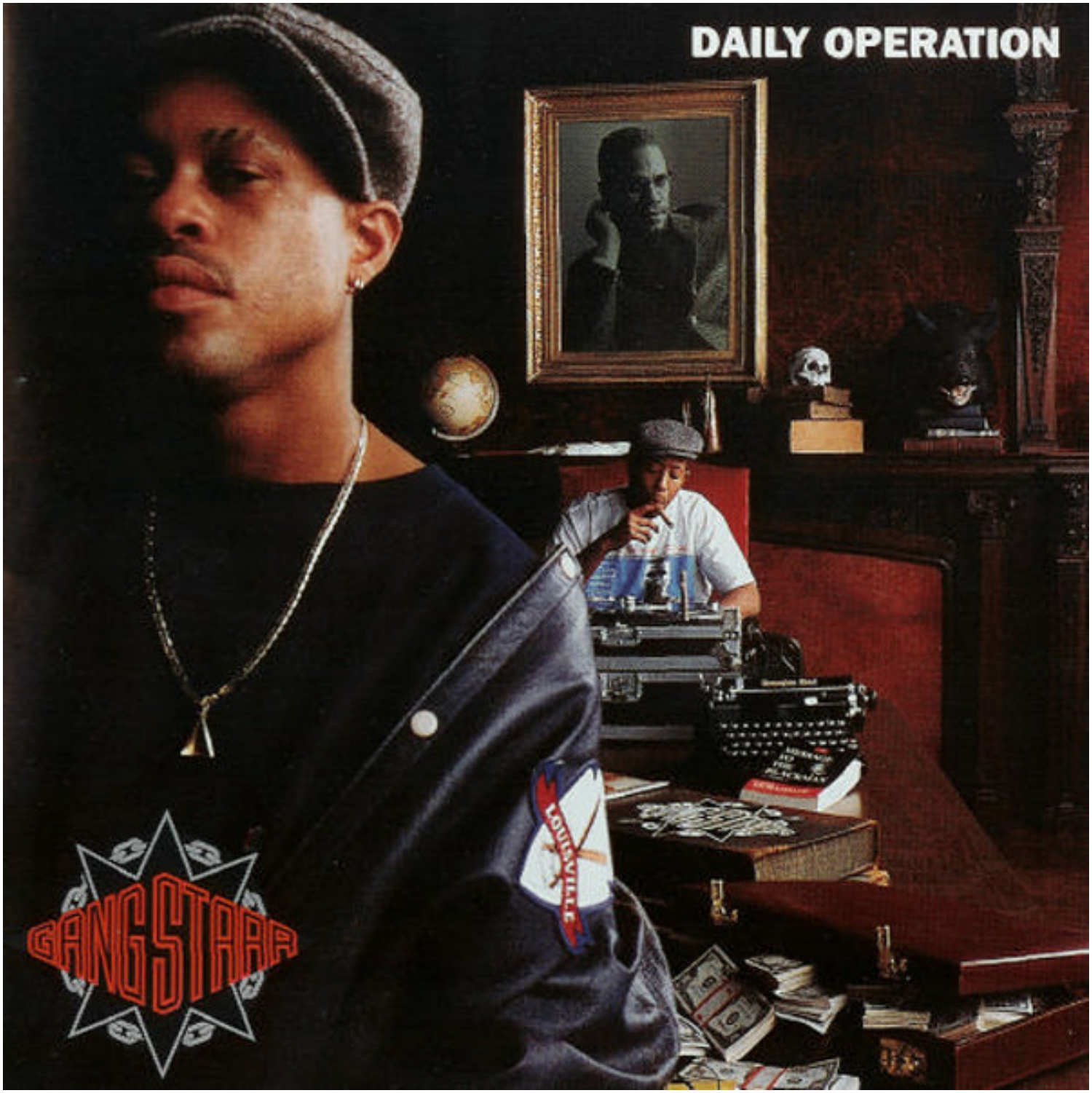
The meaning of the name GangStarr, well I'll tell ya
It means I find my mind can excel to
a greater type of thought, brought by the things that I've been taught
in relation to things that I rebel to divine and combine
with a sense of confidence
Accomplishments, are achieved off lots of gifts
But slopiness, I could never tolerate it
Not the Guru nor Premier you don't know how long we've waited
While other groups have faded, just like haircuts
We use sheer guts to open the earducts of your brain
to expose every vain
Cause you sound plain, insane, and mundane, it's a shame
You've got no beats, so you get no seats
at this table, you ain't stable with the mic cable
Kane and Able, jealous brothers
And I knew some girls who were overzealous lovers
But back to the act of developing the GangStarr track
It means that nothing can be wack
The music is picked right, the mic is gripped tight
The lyrics I kick right to a beat like Kryptonite power
Not withstood by any mortal or immortal
To make you get on the floor til
another dope jam we slam with precision
Bringing beams of light, like the colors in a prism
or reflections, through a spectrum
And all the soft silly suckers I'ma wet them
in other words destroy boy, and then claim my fame...
This is the meaning of the name

[DJ Premier cuts] "what does it all mean?"

[Guru]
GangStarr, it means a lot to me
It means I'm free to bust rhymes sporadically
Gang represents my boys or a posse
So just back up off me
And the Starr symbolizes the power
Making the suckers and weak brothers cower
We got strong, intelligent minds with a street sense
Crazy offense, and stupid defense
Now, have I made myself clear?
Or do I have to call on DJ Premier?
For he and I make up the songs that you long for
Meanwhile ducks just knock on the wrong door
Waiting for a call or for the doors to open
Cause they're hoping, that they'll get chosen
But to be chosen is a divine gift

You better get a job quick
See you can't rhyme and all your beats are weak
You oughta take a peak and check out the technique
Seek, and you shall find
GangStarr stands for mastermind
Simple and plain and yo this ain't no game lame...
This is the meaning of the name

[DJ Premier cuts] "what does it all mean?"


DAILY OPERATION
GANG STARR
LOUISVILLE

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Place Where We Dwell"

[Verse 1:]
New York, New york is where we live and we're thorough
Never taking shorts cuz Brooklyn's the borough
Peace to Uptown, to queens and the Bronx
Long Island and Jersey get as fly as they want
Where we rest is no joke
So let me break it down to sections for you slowpokes
Fort Green, bedstuy, Flatbush, Brownsville
Crown Heights and East New York will be down till
Medina takes respect for the style's we bring
Cuz in Brooklyn, we be into our own thing
Alantic terminals, redhook bushwick
Come to Brooklyn frontin, and you'll get mushed quick
We ain't just know for flipping and turning out parties
But also for the take no bullshit hotties
On the subject of blackness, well let me share this
Brooklyn is the home for cultural awareness
So in all fairness, you can never compare this
Some good, some bad. little hope for the weak
Dangerous streets and Coney Island Beach
All this included when you go for a tour
Some can get scandolous and outright raw
When you step, step correct and watch where you move
We pay dues so we ain't trying to lose
Here in Brooklyn
The home of the black and the beautiful
For a ruffrap sound, ain't a place more suitable
Other cities claim this, and others claim that
But let me give some props to the place where we be at
B-R-double O- K-l-Y-N
I came in for a visit and ever since then
I've been incorporated with select personel
Right here in Brooklyn, the place where we dwell

Way down in Brooklyn *[x3]*
Those who live in Brooklyn know just what I'm talking about

[Verse 2:]
Peace to Boston, Philly, Conneticut, DC
All the east coast cities are fly to me
Peace to everybody down south and out west
But for me, Brooklyn, New York is the best
Don't be afraid to venture over the bridge
Although you may run in to some wild ass kids
Take the j train, the d or the a if you dare
And the 2,3,4,5 also comes here
There's so much to see cuz Brooklyn's historic

Fools act jealous but you have to ignore it
So I just lounge wit the fat clientel
Out here in Brooklyn, the place where we dwell

Way down in brooklyn
You know the place...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Flip The Script"

Brave is the knave who steps up to be slayed
by the one who forgave him for his first mistakes
He'd best behave, or I'ma send him a wave
of some shocking volts, he doesn't know what he's talkin about
He's kickin a bunch of crap so I'll be the judge of that
The boy lacks artistry but still he tries hard to be
an entertainer, but instead he's a waste of
my time and your time so I'll kick the pure rhymes
Whenever you're looking for rap that's exceptional
and credible, straight to the G's you better go
Cause GangStarr's known to be prone to be
masters of streetwise poetry and turntable wizardry
but still be a cold day in Hell when you hear that
Guru or Premier ever tell suckers get sales
but they fail in the long run that kid who went gold yo
That was the wrong one but tonight the spotlight is all on me
I'm the Guru, of the G-A-N-G
Taking out scrubs cause they rub me the wrong way
and I'll say, that they've still got a long way to go
to show they can flow like a real pro
So gimme that loot catch the boot from my steel toe
I'm changing the scenery as I make em uncomfortable
cause most MC's ain't really got no pull
Watch me stifle em quick with the gift and the wit
Make em quit all that riff as I flip the script

[Chorus]

Fool listen, I know that you've been missing
all this and so my rhymes are gonna gleem and glisten
like a gem, and if you are the fake MC type
I'll shine so bright I'll be blinding your eyesight
Your capabilities fall short so I'ma treat you like a dwarf
on a basketball court still you try to rap
And even claim you got new styles but
rolling your tongue's been playe dout for a while
And you don't sound fly so why are you doing that?
You had a dope track but you're wack so you ruined that
I couldn't make out what you were saying your diction
is jumbled where as me I'm conveying clear thoughts
to a crowd that's most critical
Booty duck rappers like you are just pitiful
I bet you couldn't name more than one pioneer
Cause you didn't pay dues and you got on on outta nowhere
But that's OK cause I'm peeping your card
If rap was my house you'd be sweeping the yard
As I recline I'll find more chores to give ya

like moppin the floors or maybe fetchin my slippers
So don't even trip or run off with the lip
Cause as soon as you slip you know I'll flip the script

[Chorus]

So as I kick a bit flip with script without a skip
butter roll MC's get dissed like this
You'll never got none son because I'll become troublesome
You rap like a simpleton
And I hate scum yo I can easily deflect your threats
cause they're idle my recital will break you down
Just a fight til the end cause I can take ten at a time
Give em all a fair shot to see if any can rhyme
And even if one is decent, I'll still get props
I'll kick the slick lines til the last one drops
As my powerful skills are unveiled I'm tippin the scales
and weighing much more than your tall tales
Stop the exaggeration perpetration observe
and make simple notation
Nobody no where no way no how
is taking me out cause I can throw so you know now
Can you feel it, I bust raps so lay off
before I steal that so called title that you gave yourself
But you really ain't jack so yo you played yourself
And now you look from a distance as you sweat my tip
You know I'll whip you swift when I flip the script

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Ex Girl To Next Girl"

[Verse 1]
You know I used to be a player, fly girl layer and a heartbreaker,
lovemaker, backbreaker but then I made a
mistake yes I fell in love with this ill chick
sweatin' me for money, my name and the dilsnick
my homeboys told me to drop her for it would be to my benefit
she used to say I'd better quit hanging with those derelects
romancing is my thing but I can't swing with no scheming hoes
wherever my beema goes you know that I'm driving
surviving in the 90's is a must so I trust
that everyone listen up as my vocals give thrust
I bust my rhymes first never chasing a skirt
do much work while other suckas need more time to rehearse
now back to the ex-girls, ex-lovers, ex-friends
it made me mad to find that she was only after my ends
she phones me and goes on about her new life now
I wish she knew right now
I think she's busted let's discuss it
when I was with her no trust, just fights
just the he-say-she-say and the neighborhood highlights
bow I got my new girl or as I say my baby doll
but I'm still gettin' crazy calls, my ex-girl's got balls
don't wanna play the field cuz I get lovin' at home base
don't gimme no long face just exit with a grace
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, much respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm on with the next girl

[Chorus]

[Next]

[Verse 2]
she had much loot liked to buy me fresh-dipped gear
liked to have me near cuz of my svoir faire
the time we shared was brief cuz I needed relief
from her high-classed antics and all her conceit
now she's crying wolf and I like don't wanna hear that
I told her the bear facts when things started out
she wines and she pouts about how I did her bad
yo but she'd tried to buy me
even tempt me with the hiney
I fell for a sec cuz the clothes were real fly
I could almost feel I
would give into her whims
her thoughts were erratic, sporadic, crazy in nature
I told her hey look I can no longer date ya
Tried to pimp with bank and fell short, your ship sank

many thanks for the time and the watch and the link
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, nuff respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm straight with the next girl

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
you saw my mom in the supermarket and gave her your number
you asked how's my sister then asked how's my brother
didn't ask about my father cuz you know he ain't like ya
every time I left for your crib yo he'd really get hyper
the advice he used to give me makes much sense now
I can't believe I used to let you break my confidence down
you used to ask me why the hell did I wanna live in Brooklyn?
you messed up my flow although you were good-lookin'
yes darlin' was fly and this was the problem
cuz back in the day she had me scheming and robbin'
to get her things to wear so when she went to the club
all eyes were on her and me I just bugged
caught in between felling proud and feeling more like a sucker
had to go undercover, get away, find another
been in Brooklyn 9 years and been around the world too
I've seen so many fly girls and I knew just what to do
I went from ex-girl to next took my time with each one
and you know they still love me so stop jellin' me hon
went home to see mom and I saw you at the bus stop
must I stop? nah I think not
you and I are the past c'est la vie, much respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl & I'm out with the next girl
out...

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Soliloquy Of Chaos"

5 carloads deep, time to go do a show
Got a massive crew and we're ready to roll
So I grab my gear hop in the whip and ride
Premier he's got the fly dope system inside
But my shit cranks too and we've got mad tapes
of all the underground groups with the lyrics and bass
Off into the New York night we go
Dre large got the camera biggest, Gord's got three rolls of film
So we can take the macked out photos
Tommy Hill, The Damaja and my man Gunsmoke
Corey and Smurf and Lil Dap's got a forty
My man Gary and Shiz and the nutcracker Shorty
Mike Rhone, chillin' like Capone
Robinhood, Known as Mel with the clientelle
Mo, JT, Mega, can't forget black
they're rockin' sincere, yes the posse's fat
Out loud pulls up plus there's Sid and OC
Big Mel from strong island H.L. the one and only
O. Delicious, Ely, Bazz and Eon
and the aroma of the blunts has me thinking beyond
And to the rest of the crew you know the bond is strong
and you know who's who, so let me not prolong
For this was a night to remember
I had on the beige Tims with the two tone leather
So we get to the jam, the gig, the venue
then we circled around and then drove in through
the front the place was packed the line was long
I was bobbing my head cuz the music was on
I turned it down then I peeped to my right
I saw this kid and his girl having a fight
Another kid walked up and mushed the kid in his face
and then the kid pulled out and bust and laid him to waist
A riot broke out girls screaming and scheming crews
started buck wiling tryna' snatch kids jewels
After that 50 came and turned the party out
and then the ambulance came to take the body out
And we didn't even get all the equipment out
and we didn't even get to turn the place out
This can happen often and it's really fucked up
So I'll ask you to your face homeboy what's up
Did you come to see my show or the stupid nigger playoffs
Killing you and killing me it's the soliloquy of chaos

And if you live in the cities where streets reek warfare
people getting nowhere bot you go for yours there
You'll find it doesn't pay to front or play the role
You could get stole or maybe beat with a pole

Then you'll wanna retaliate, regroup and come back
so you set the brothers up for a sneak attack
Whether you die or kill them, it's another brother dead
but I know you'll never get that through your head
Cuz we're mislead and misfed facts, we're way off
killing you and killing me, it's the soliloquy of chaos

Gang Starr Lyrics

"I'm The Man"

(feat. Jeru The Damaja , Lil' Dap)

[Verse 1: Guru]
I say people people come on and check it out now
You see the mic in my hand now watch me wreck it now
what is a party if the crew ain't there?
[what's your name?] call me Guru that's my man Premier
now many attempts have been made to hold us back?
slander the name and with-hold facts
but I'm the type of brother with much more game
I got a sure aim and if i find you're to blame
you can bet you'll be exterminated, taken out, done
it doesn't matter how many they'll go as easy as just one
bust one round in the air for this here
cuz this year suckers are going no where
cuz my strret style and intelligence level
makes me much more than just an angry rebel
I'm Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal
mc's that ain't equipped get flipped in my circle
I'm aiming on raining on the bitch ass chumps
cuz their rhymes don't flow and their beats don't pump
and niggaz better know i paid my dues and shit
I'm bout to blow the fuck up because I refuse to quit
I'm out to get the props that are rightfullly mine
yeah me and the crew think its about that time
but on the DL you know that Gangstarr will conquer
that's why you stare and point and others cling on to
my nautica, asking for a hookup
well sorry but my schedule is all booked up
nobody put me on I made it up the hard way
look out for my people but the suckers should parlay
cuz it's business kid, this ain't no free for all
you have to wait your turn, you must await your call
so now, now it is my duty to
eliminate and subtract all of the booty crews
and suckers should vacate
before I get irate
and I'll kick your can
from here to Japan
with force you can't withstand
cuz I'm the muthafuckin' man

[Break: Guru]
yo right now I got my man Lil' Dap from the Group home
yo step up to the mic and tell them why you're the man

[Verse 2: Lil' Dap]
so much anger built inside

so don't stop to say hi, muthafucka just die
my shit holds a mouthful so i guess you know what's up
why punks get killed at the end of the month
styles and styles I flip
Lil' Dap remains sick
yes the Group Home is thick
so all you punks hear this
everytime you riff
the more fame that we get
muthafuckas act hard
thinking that they are God
niggaz just don't understand
let me be my own man
did everything on my own
and everyplace wasn't home
everywhere that I'd rest
I had to dress with a vest
I guess you get the routine but with a lot of stress
frustration on my mind
brothers doin' mad time
rhymes are organized like crime
as we're rippin' the lines
brothers just don't know
how shit got to go
cuz I was told
to never give my back to the street
as I walk through the ghetto
dead souls I greet
see my man give him pound
then I walk with a frown
another minute
another brother's gunned down
shit is getting too close that's why the Group Home is thick
so everytime you riff the more fame that we get
my father always said don't watch the one across the street
watch the one right next
b'cuz he's easy to flex
took heed to what he said
yeah that deep ass nigga
while brothers hang around
tryin' to get down
niggaz just don't understand
I'm the mutha fuckin' man

[Break: Guru]
and also on the set from Dirty Rotten Scoundrels
we got my man Jeru the Damaja
yo tell them why you're the man

[Verse 3: Jeru the Damaja]
I'll tap your jaw
you probably heard it before
step to the bedlamite I'll prove my word is law

drugstore with more
dope rhyme vendor
not partial to beef
the chief ambassador
niggaz get mad cuz they can't score
like a wild west flick they wish to shoot up my door
but I incite a riot
don't even try it
bust up chumps so crab kids keep quiet
like I said before
I tap jaws
snatch whores
kill suckers in wars
vic a style you said was yours
money grip wanna flip but you're fish
house the mic like your hooker and did tricks on the bitch
Dirty Rotten Scoundrel and my name is Jeru
utilizing my tools in '92
MC's step up in mobs to defeat us
when we rock knots and got props like Norm Peterson
lot's of friends, lot's of fun, lots of beers
got the skills, kreeno so I always get cheers
troop on like a trooper no tears for fears
I'm a get mines cuz the crew'll get theirs
cut you up like Edward Scissorhands
you know the program I'm the mutha fuckin' man...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take It Personal"

I never thought that you would crab me
Undermine me, and backstab me
But I can see clearly now the rain is gone
The pain is gone but what you did was still wrong
There was a few times I needed your support
But you tried to play me like an indoor sport
like racquetball, tennis, fool, whatever
All I know is you attempted to be clever
Nevertheless, cleverness can't impress
Cause now you've been expose like a person undressed
cause I see through you, I'm the Guru
Now what you gonna do when I step to you
and when I pay you back I'll be hurting you
This ain't no threat so take it personal

Rap is an art you can't own no loops
It's how you hook em up and the rhyme style troop
So don't even think you could say someone bit
off your weak beat come on you need to quit
I flip lines and kick rhymes that never sound like yours
There oughtta be laws against you yapping your jaws
Originality overflows from in me
and the truth is, that you wish you could live the
life I live and kick the lyrics I kick
But bear in mind that you can't think as quick
So Premier drops a beat, for me to say verses to
And if I sound doper then take it personal

Don't be mad cause I don't come around the way
like I used to, I don't have time these days
I'm keeping busy making power moves
Don't try to say I don't remember you
You shouldn't let your jealousy show like that
I stopped coming by, cause of the way you act
Telling my business to kids I don't even know
You're like a daytime talk show, and that's low
So you can tell everyone, that I'm jerking you
And if you don't like it, take it personal

Gang Starr Lyrics

"2 Deep"

[Verse 1]
I'm 2 deep and yes much too complicated
my lines when stated are quite often underrated
so consider it a privilege to hear this
those weak-minded opinions could never come near this
for my outlook on life is a profound view
whil the suckers act down thinking that they sound new
only a few sound true
me and the crew know who
cuz you see me and the fellas have been waiting for a while now
giving you the time to get your wack-ass style down
you punks pop junk as if life is a fantasy
knowing that hard is something you can't be
so you front but you could never call my bluff
cuz you'll catch hell you'll get dealt with

[Chorus]
I never sleep
I always peep
rhymes creep
I'm 2 Deep
I'm 2 Deep....

[Verse 2]
I forgive you sike I'm takin' your life
cuz you continue to disrespect so I'ma get trife
but then again I think I'll spare ya
cuz I know tht all it takes one rhyme just to scare ya
see I'm the holder of the key
don't ask me if I'm Muslim don't say nothin' to me
I said I was raised like one son I had two cousins
they pushed me to find myself or else they knew I wasn't
gonna make it and then end up a statistic
my life was twisted I almost missed it
the chance yes the chance to make you feel good
I used to steal goods and fake my parents out real good
but now I got K-N-O-W-L-E-D-G-E of self cuz I'm me
and the nation of Islam has my support
cuz they try to reeducate the ones who are lost
and the 5 percent nation takes other steps
to get through to brothers on the corners with the reps
and in the prison they give the brothers new visions
of how we can gain wealth gain self esteem and dream
of a total different scene I dress clean, stand lean
say what I mean and I'm out
like a scout on a new route exhibitting clout

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
for right now yo my religion is rhyming
perfect timing test the flow and climb in
Ansaar, Sunnite, Sheite, Jihad
all must regard the times are hard
unite or perish
is the message I cherish
that goes for my people of all religions
if we're all black why have so many divisions
superficial factors are drawing us apart
don't let it happen
let's put some respect back in
so before I act I think cuz it's the brink of destruction
word corruption what's up son your gun is just one
and I just might have one
or two or maybe even three or four
and plus an army of 100 or more
but violence is never my first choice
I come in peace to release the effect of my voice

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"No Shame In My Game"

As I deliver rhymes with ease and walk around with my head up
I'm dead up serious so don't be getting too curious
Motherfuckers always wanna know what makes me tick
I'll pull a phrase out quick cuz I'm dipped and I'm slick
You thought that I would slip cuz you seen me drinking forty's
it shocked you then you told your friends you saw me
Well say what you want cuz all of mine is in tact
in fact I'll have you open like a hookers gap
I like to catch a buzz cuz I get into the beats more
MC's are washed up like dead fish on the seashore
Save the talk cuz you know I walk that walk
hitting city to city but I make my home in New York
I know the time with this rap shit cuz they got it all backwards
they need to take a hint or catch my microphone imprint
Straight to the dome through the skull to the tissue
Call me Guru I'll diss you if you're pressing the issue
Not my style to be sweatin' all the stupid ass rumors
I take it as a compliment and fuck you too
If you're scheming on the chance to put a stain on my name
Don't even think about it cuz ain't no shame in my game

No shame in my game

Stick to the subject I ain't afraid to be real
a lot of MC's fake hard just to gain appeal
I like some gangster rap, don't like the prankster crap
so I get passed all that by kicking straight up facts
There ain't no reason to shoot unless you got beef
if you pull out and you don't use it than you may catch grief
Toolies and techs ain't toys but kids got 'em today
and if they're ready to spray best get the fuck out the way
I try keeping my sanity by thinking of better times
if I write clever rhymes then maybe I'll climb
But what the hell's success if the mess ain't changing
50's still corrupt stupid gangs still bangin'
Stick up kids still stickin' nasty hookers still trickin'
all the pimps still pimpin' and all the crackheads trippin'
While the dealers still sellin' so I'll refrain from the yellin'
And the preachin' cuz who the fuck would I reach man
Niggaz don't wanna stop that, they wanna live fat
who'd wanna clean up their act when the papes come in stacks
They live for the minute and they're all wrapped up in it
it's an unfortunate state for many it's too late
Now death stalks the streets and it's right at your gate
so bug, lose your mind but I ain't goin' insane
I'll kick the fly lyrics cuz ain't no shame in my game

No shame in my game

Life's a bitch so who are we to judge each other
I know I got faults I ain't the only motherfucker
Stuff I heard about you wasn't too cool you know
like how you smoke wools and that your girl's a ho
But I don't listen to shit unless the story's legit
Knuckleheads need to quit cuz they be riding the dilsnick
But I'll be taking care of business regardless
and when it comes to rhyming you know I'm hitting hardest
So you can kick dirt but in the end you'll feel pain
you little sucker, there ain't no shame in my game

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Conspiracy"

You can't tell me life was meant to be like this
a black man in a world dominated by whiteness
Ever since the declaration of independence
we've been easily brainwashed by just one sentence
It goes: all men are created equal
that's why corrupt governments kill innocent people
With chemical warfare they created crack and AIDS
got the public thinking these were things that black folks made
And every time there's violence shown in the media
usually it's a black thing so where are they leading ya
To a world full of ignorance, hatred, and prejudice
TV and the news for years they have fed you this
foolish notion that blacks are all criminals
violent, low lifes, and then even animals
I'm telling the truth so some suckers are fearing me
but I must do my part to combat the conspiracy

The S.A.T. is not geared for the lower class
so why waste time even trying to pass
The educational system presumes you to fail
the next place is the corner then after that jail
You've got to understand that this has all been conspired
to put a strain on our brains so that the strong grow tired
It even exists when you go to your church
cuz up on the wall a white Jesus lurks
They use your subconscious to control your will
they've done it for a while and developed the skill
to make you want to kill your own brother man
black against black you see it's part of their plan
They want to send us to war and they want to ban rap
what they really want to do is get rid of us blacks
Genocide is for real and I hope that you're hearing me
you must be aware to combat the conspiracy

Even in this rap game all that glitters ain't gold
now that rap is big business the snakes got bold
They give you wack contracts and try to make you go pop
cuz they have no regard for real hip-hop
They'll compare you to others and say: "but yo, he sells"
and you know in your heart that he's weak as hell
So you say: "I ain't doing that corny stuff"
but they tell ya that your chart positions will go up
Sometimes they front big time and make you many promises
and when they break 'em then your mama says
"Son you're making records but that guy seems shady"
it could be too late and your career could be played gee
I hope you listen to the things that I'm sharing see

we all have a job to combat the conspiracy

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Illest Brother"

[Chorus:]
Gotta be the illest brother to claim respect
It takes the illest brother just to get respect
Got to be the illest brother when it's time to get wreck
Got to be the illest brother when I get my mic check

I'm one of the illest brothers known to man
but if you don't understand, see I'm a grown man
And I stand 5'8" and 3 quarters
giving orders to my sqaudron cuz I'm like the sergeant
or general but let me keep this minimal
I used to hang with kids who like to live trife with a knife
Cutting kids for fun and pulling out much guns
and like riflery champs fellas start to get real amped
Dead bodies lay stamped to the pavement so I gave it some thought
remembering the brothers who are gone now
I will make a strong vow to make things right
ignite the mic, get hype and all that
Suckers try to menace but they always fall
flat to the ground as I astound come around
I'll put you down about the brothers who think they're the boss
think they're getting large but in the end they pay the cost
Of their lives and that ain't the way to go out
even take their boys with 'em cause they know their boys will go out
But when it comes to facing some time
they're like crying like weeping, wanna call mom Dukes
But mom Dukes is fed, fed up with the shit you did
she knows that you shot and she knows that you cripples kids
But who's to judge when you're trying to survive
the one who moves first might be the one to stay alive
So when you think you're hard and dominating the set
just remember the illest brother claims respect!

Like I said I'm an ill kid, so never dare test me
they wanna arrest me cuz I'm causing a frenzy
Fake gangsters come and fake gangsters go
real gangsters chill cuz real gangsters know
That quietly you stalk your prey on the down low
cuz too much talk will get you beef on the street
And brothers in the city have to live this way
it may cause dismay but Imma' tell it anyway
Yo guns are easy to get and like a puppet
some young kid is gonna be the subject of internal oppression
An example of hard times
cuz to make it out the trap in your mind it's a hard climb
But even if you change and come right and exact
there's another brother scheming so just watch your back

I know a brother who thought he had it all
but little did he know he was bound for a down fall
He'd pick up the heater and go stick somebody
he wouldn't give a damn if he killed somebody
Cuz if somebody would get in the way of him getting loot
there'd be no hesitation he'd just shoot
It's like The Good, The Bad and The Ugly
except it's reality and you don't see it on TV
Brothers keep dying in the streets cuz the streets are designed
to keep you from having peace of mind
I know an old man, he's got a rifle to stifle
any young punk, he hides it under his bunk
And I know a kid who's been to jail
and he told me that the system had failed him
So now he's out the joint and he's like flippin' on kids
and the people in his neighborhood are flippin' their wigs
But you gotta check the move cuz there's a reason
a method to the madness and you know what I'm meaning
Cuz rather than being the herb, vic, or chump
you can be just like my man cold holding the pump
But living like that you take a chance with your life
but some things in life, sometimes will make you uptight
I'm like an avalanche of knowledge pounding down all fools
all fakes, all snakes
and ones who try to break the rules and regulations
Stipulations made by the GangStarr
you try to flex muscle but you know you can't hang ha
You're making me vexed but yeah you can go next
just remember the illest brother claims respect

[Chorus repeat]

Yo money don't front you know you blew your chance
and now it's my turn so Imma' take command
Cuz I'm like the one who's got all the juice
I always get loose I got the balls to reduce your crew
Very easily I got more ammo
I'm like the ill kid the psycho man yo
Cuz now I'm past the point and I ain't gonna return
and when it comes to your destruction I ain't really concerned
About the consequences cuz I'm living day to day
So who are you to comment about me and my ways.
I get my attitude from living and I never forget
You got to be the illest brother just to claim respect.

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Hardcore Composer"

Now I got you looking stiff you numbskull, you're at a stand still
Still faking that you're hard with your rhymes and got no hand skills
so I'll easily drop you and stop you from rhyming
Send you home to moms all bruised up and crying
Then if you want you can go call your people
You're gonna need a mob against me cause I'm lethal
Not that I'm a violent brother to the contrary
My vocals carry, and then I bury
MC's in holes that they dug for themselves
Couldn't be themselves so they sold themselves
to a company exec who doesn't have respect
for real rap music so he wants to get an MC
that starts out street to crossover
but not me, cause I'm the hardcore composer

You ain't a writer nor a fighter you're just a biter
I think you need to save all that because in spite
of the reputation that you think you have
the crew already knows that you're really a crab
So I'll grab the mic with haste and send you out of this place
and back to trace my flow but don't waste your time bro
It only takes a minute a second for me to switch
and rearrange real quick cause I can kick plenty styles
Rhymes stretch many miles
I'm the authentic yes the lyric unloader
The truth exposer, the hardcore composer

All you delirious curious suckers
you better act like you've been known I mack
and hold my own with a mike just to stagger
a bragger, retire a lair and very easily
I'm pass by ya cause you didn't want to give the credit
where it was due, yeah it was you, uh huh it was you
and your crummy corny ass crew
So we shall enforce that you lost and plus you oughta
find another type of life and yes another source of income
And here's some advice you can't rap this nice
I broke ya over and over I told ya
I would mold ya why? Because I'm bound
to give original sound and as your ears pound
bringing pleasure and pain
as brains start to gain from musical measures
Forming mystical questions never typical inventions
Developed by my Gifted Unlimited mind
Suckers wanna rhyme cause they're eager to find
the secret behind the way that I stomp all comp
Just like a Timberland it's the Guru and Premier

It's them again droppin the fly tracks
and taking things over and never selling out
cause I'm the hardcore composer

Gang Starr Lyrics

"B.Y.S."

I'm like a sniper rhymes'll strike ya when I'm rockin
mad chicks be jockin' when the G Starr's talking
And that's because my word is bond
I get much fan mail and I always respond
So tell your hon to write me too
make sure she puts attention Mr. Guru
Brothers know the flow is unique
I got 100 wild styles in my black valise
MC's wanna be me so they keep askin
for me to teach 'em methods both slow and fast
And others wanna act as if they're better
but they only got one style which ain't all that clever
I'm cooler than wind, harder than cold steel
I get the ladies with more than just sex appeal
A mystic psychic scanning all your thoughts
I'll touch your soul and make your brain feel caught
When my rapture traps ya and makes you mine
You'll submit to the gift and to the lyrical lines
So suckers realize that the size is too large
when I come through I'm pullin' whole crews cards
I be wreckin' correct and on the gangster tip
MC's who front: Imma' gonna burst your shit

I wonder do you love it enough
I'm steppin' rugged and tough, never to front or to bluff
I got the fresh cut baldy, the brothers call me
Guru the man yes with all the
J-A-Z-Z-Y type essence, street type lessons manifesting
the one who make the fly ladies feel pleasant
Never forgettin' that to myself I'm true
do what you want to but watch yourself though "duke"
I don't wanna hear all of that loud mouthing
try to pull yours out when nothing comes out
Then you'll see why you can't compete with me
the notorious Guru of the Gang you see
Starr stands for power like I said before
I'm like the doctors cure slicker than Roger Moore
I slide up to a crab MC like this
tap 'em in the head with my mic like this
I'll be revealing that you're weak to the world if you wish
And I insist that if you persist
then you get creamed, cuz Imma' get real steamed
so don't you try to flex and try to look all mean
Heyo check it that's dead that's it
cuz all you phony ass rappers Imma' bust your shit

Now when you see me on the set you know I may unleash

a lyric like a mad dog barking through the speaker
Step off unless you wanna get torn up
your raps worn out burned out fucked up
You locked up or maybe you locked out
cuz at the battle last time you snuck out
But now I'm rolling over you full blast
I'm here to let you know no longer will the bull last
MC's telling lies and poppin' all those myths
Keep on fakin' moves and Imma'...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Much Too Much (Mack A Mil)"

[Verse 1:]
Other MCs in the place know I'm much too much
and I'll bust 'em all up without even cussing
all wannabe's are never ever gonna be nothin'
Gang Starr's in the house and we're crushing
so suckers better be up on their p's and q's and
competition come against me and you're losing
I'll use a simple style just to catch you snoozing
wake up wake up kid read the news and
take heed cuz you need to see how battles are won
when a real man displays how it must be done
and I snuff bum MCs and keep the cashflow comin'
and never had no problems getting women
I'm like a catalyst causin' a chain reaction
dopest vocalist ad now the main attractionn
things turn gold at my slightest touch
that's why the people say that I'm much too much

[Chorus:]
I'm much too much
I'm much too much
I'm much too much
I'm much too much

[Verse 2:]
check the G-U-R-U yes the brother who's progressing
If beats are cake I'm frosting, if salad I'm dressing
never stressing or guessing or messing around man
just turn up the system so the beat can be pounding
blasting out your radio my vocals surrounding
take a trip uptown and come back down and
and kick it with the fellas I call my crew so
I'm gettin' kinda fat like a big huge sumo
I figure that I'm due and it's true cuz you know
a rapper this nice oughtta clock mad dough
not the stuff from the baker but the loot yo the paper
I set up shop and drop gems and catch 'em later
cuz I'm like keeping it moving, improving steadily
pumping kinda loud in your Blazer or Cherokee
doesn't matter what you drive, automatic or clutch
just pop in my tape cuz I'm much too much

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
I walk in the room unload a boom that's like sonic
my slick voice to the beat is symphonic

to a biting MC my lines are toxic and chronic
my mystical style is like harmonic
I've rarely had a difficulty slaying MCs
cuz the ones who were toughest still begged on their knees
and I wreck the set with the greatest of ease
and you know I'm swift like the breeze
I'll never understand why a wack rapper tries and
convinces himself that his image is so fly and
that's the type of crap you know I'm not buying
chumps lack the beats and their rhymes don't apply and
that's why I've come into your life today
just to make you sweat in my unique way
I'm controlling all action dissing MC ducks
that's why everybody knows that I'm much too much

[Chorus]

[Outro:]
(Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil)
(Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil)
(Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take Two And Pass"

[Intro/Chorus:]
Take two and pass *[x3]*
so the blunt will last

Take two and pass so we can all get blunted
Don't smoke ciggarettes so my growth ain't stunted
We got at least five head so I rolled a white owl
It's the break of dawn and we're awake like night owls
Phillies are cool but they burn much quicker...
... hey yo come on pass that shit nigga
We lounge to the sounds as we leave from Uptown
It's time to go downtown and make some more rounds
This city never sleeps that what Sinatra sang
For that fat fat blunt you know I got this thing
so hand it over cause I wanna get charred
I'm in love with mary jane she keeps me large
So don't hog it let's get it moving real fast
Everybody just chill and take like two pulls and pass

[Chorus]

The club is crowded everyone's up in here
Heyo Premier what's that you got there?
It looks like a nice plump blunt in your hand
I just know you're gonna share it with me cause I'm your man
So bust it, I got one too and if you spark up yours
I'll light up mine when it's through
Oh shit, there goes my man the fat mack
We used to get blazed I know he's got a fat sack
Let's go upstairs grab a chair and unwind
so the la la can enhance our minds
The system booming let the bass increase
I find me a seat so I can peep the chic
ladies and maybe get my homeboys some ass
All you gotta do is take two pulls and pass

[Chorus]

Even in the morning like the flavor of juice
A blunt adds spice and a blunt can spruce
up your day but I'm not advertising just telling
of aspect a part of our lives
And around the way there ain't no shame in our game
cause the fame is no thing we get together and hang
And since you know I got dash and class
then I'm after you so take two pulls and pass

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Stay Tuned"

[Verse 1:]
Get with this get with this
get with this cuz you got no choice
Rappers sometimes you'll find make dough
but yo you know they've got no voice
get him off the podium he ain't no speaker
yes he's just a phony and look at his sneakers
played out of style out of rhymes
he's out his mind
lost his way lost his pay
I'm takin' his props so call the cops
you can call 'em but I know 'em
Sweet MCs I think I'll ho 'em
cuz they front so very hard and big or small
I'll break 'em all
Ain't gotta say that I'm the best
my skills will show I passed the test
when it comes to beats and rhymes
we come correctly everytime
and stay tuned

[Chorus:]
stay tuned...

[Verse 2:]
with information like the CNN
I can take you there and then
the rest is up to you to choose
the bottom line is win or lose
suckers suckers suckers don't be listening
so I can't be waitin' on 'em
I ain't got no time to play, do you?
look at the state of things and tell me true
in the city any city life's a paradox of good and evil
Many fall into the vicious cycle
living by the gun or by the rifle
think they got a reason that ain't really sure
the death toll rises more
it's trife the way some live life
I love rap, I like the city
but for a fool I have no pity
there'stoo much suffering too much struggle
too much injustice and don't it bug you
enough for you to press on harder
against the odds the wayn our forefathers
made away but foolishly we go astray
think about it and stay tuned

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
What you really oughta do is lay back smooth
as my vocals compliment the slow fat groove
just for you to blast around the way
play it nice and loud and hear me say
Gang Starr is hitting '92 and on
showing how to make a dope rap song
doing this while some disperse
then dissolve like specs of dirt
our music pertains to those who remain
down with the real not wealth or the fame
peace out, we'll be back, stay tuned...

[Outro:]
Please stay tuned

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS
GANG STARR
Hard to Earn

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Alongwaytogo"

[Phife from "Check the Rhime"] Now here's a funky introduction
[scratching]

[Chorus 1 x2: Guru]
It's ALONGWAYTOGO, when you don't know where you're going
You don't know where you're going when you're lost (lost)

[Guru:]
What you need is more direction and get yourself some protection
I thought by now that you have learned your lesson
I'm stressin points and slammin all joints you call the real shit
Correct shit, you know the busta way you feel shit
Baby, I still don't think you understand
You lose the game, we get more props than Dan...Rather
And it don't matter cuz when you flinch, you're weak
So I'mma step just to speak about the counterfeit, unlegit type of people
Those cellophane ones, the ones that you can see through
It's poetic justice cuz I'm mad with a pact
So precise, my insight will take flight in the night
And in the daytime, cuz I don't come up with corny rhymes
I'm too devoted to the concept of gettin mine
So here's the deal like Shaquille O'Neal
If you don't know what you're doing, how the hell can you be real?

[Chorus 2 x2:]
[scratching]
[Q-Tip from "Check the Rhime"] How far must you go to gain respect? Um...

[Guru:]
Now in '93, realistically you should be...well aware of all the evils out there
It's like a jungle sometimes. You get the message?
You got to rumble sometimes, it's gettin hectic
Emotions run deep, as times run out
Solutions...it's time to find some out
So according to me, suckers are barred
From obstructing my discussion cuz I rhyme too hard
You take a wiff like a spliff here, like some fresh air
I came to claim shit this year (this year)
So take a stroll down the walkway, or hallway, or runway
Fuck with us, kid, you'll pay
I slay...and yo, I'm still on the expressway
I kick my essay, then you know we don't play
So pray down on your knees, G
Cuz it's the best way, yes, the best way, cuz...

[Chorus 1 x2:]

[Chorus 2 x2:]

[Guru:]
There's a large amount of wack crews. For them, I got bad news
Time to pay your dues, you fools
I'm like express mail, with the script that hits
Like the third rail, when I shock the spot, it's hot
From the rays of the sun
Original one the prophet sent to become
A law giver, cuz you shiver when I quiz ya
All about the real neccessities of life
All about the game and all about the name
G to the A to the N to the G Starr
We know who we are, but do you know who you are?
(*[Richard Pryor:]* You go down there looking for justice, that's what you find, just us)

[chorus 1: x4]

[chorus 2: x4]

[scratching] Um... *[until end]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Code Of The Streets"

Take this for example young brothers want rep
Cause in the life they're living, you can't half step
It starts with the young ones doing crime for fun
And if you ain't down, you'll get played out son
So let's get a car, you know, a fly whip
Get a dent, pull a screwdriver, and be off quick
With a dope ride, yeah, and a rowdy crew
We can bag us a Benz and an Audi, too
Even a jeep or a van, goddamn, we're getting ours, yo
Take a trip up the strip, and be like stars so
It doesn't matter if the cops be scoping
They can't do jack, that's why a young brother's open
To do anything, anywhere, anyplace
Buckwild in another court case
It's the code of the streets

They might say we're a menace to society
But at the same time I say "Why is it me?"
Am I the target, for destruction?
What about the system, and total corruption?
I can't work at no fast-food joint
I got some talent, so don't you get my point?
I'll organize some brothers and get some crazy loot
Selling D-R-U-G-S and clocking dollars, troop
Cause the phat dough, yo, that suits me fine
I gotta have it so I can leave behind
The mad poverty, never having always needing
If a sucker steps up, then I leave him bleeding
I gotta get mine, I can't take no shorts
And while I'm selling, here's a flash report
Organized crime, they get theirs on the down low
Here's the ticket, wanna bet on a horse show?
You gotta be a pro, do what you know
When you're dealing with the code of the streets

Nine times out of ten I win, with the skills I be weilding
Got the tec one dealing, let me express my feelings
Guru has never been one to play a big shot
It's just the styles I got that keep my mic hot
Anf fuck turning my back to the street scene
It gives me energy, so Imma keep fiends
Coming, just to get what I'm selling
Maybe criminal or felon dropping gems on your melon
So keep abreast to the GangStarr conquest
Underground ruffnecks, pounds of respect
I've never been afraid to let loose my speech
My brothers know I kick the code of the streets

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Brainstorm"

[DJ Premier cuts 'n' scratchs lovely] "Get on it"

[Guru]
One two checka, get, down and dirty
and my sounds are worthy of respect
So I'ma flex my text just like a, major takeover
Chumps pass the mic over
Growin more and more nervous when I serve this ass whoopin
Comin straight out of Brooklyn, baldhead from the old school
Born to rule with more class than Billy Dee
To a pussy emcee, you know a wuss emcee
I'm like his worst nightmare when I'm on my killin spree
Pick the vic, who will it be?
[Guru sings]
Your vote may hold the key
It's up to you, tell us true
Who'll be, herb of the day?
[Guru]
And your fake, you break, when suckers choose, they lose
I'm like lethal, to you and your people
It's like an outrage, when punks step on stage
with the weak show, weak flow, and still make dough
So I'ma take dough from em, and then stum em
Teach em how to really get biz like this
Me and my Gang's gonna swarm... Brainstorm

[DJ Premier flips it again] "Get on it"

[Guru]
It takes at least, two to tango, so you can get strangled
from any angle, as I get buck on ducks
All the, sexy girlies wanna push up close to
The man with the most who don't flaunt his ego
Some motherfuckers ain't as gifted
Not everyone can move the crowd and uplift it
I'm swift with the shit like a bullet's trajectory
So don't stand next to me
It's like a, warm sensation when my shells hit
You were wrong, you know what you did so you fell quick
to the pavement, no signs of body movement
See I knew it, yo I had to do it
And it's, cool to duel but don't slip up fool
cause I'ma leave you dead and stinkin like a sesspool
And all the chicks know what's goin on
Cause baby, there ain't no sunshine when I'm gone
And you can beg for me to stay and parlay
But sorry, I gots to go, got bills to pay

See by nature I'm godly
When I touch the mic, it's never too hard for me
to let out, a mastermind of mad clout
Huh, me and my Gang's gonna swarm... Brainstorm

[DJ Premier displays turntablism skills] "Get on it"

[Guru]
I'm gonna get ya
You might be bigger than me, so I'ma wet ya
Come into your house to douse it with the
malatov cocktail, I won't fail
Burn out your eyeballs, and leave a note in braille
So what the fuck you gonna do?
Yea I know I used to act relaxed but now I'm cuckoo
Come into my darkest deepest thoughts
We fought I won, and now you're caught and bein tortured
Water pellets dripped upon your forehead
but you can't move, because you're tied up
Your time's up...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Tonz 'O' Gunz"

Tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
tons o' guns real easy to get
tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
tons o' guns are in the streets nowadays
it's big money and you know crime pays
check your nearest overpopulated ghetto
they greet you with a pistol not trying to say hello
mad kids packed 'cos the neighbourhood's like that
want some shit that's fat catch a victim do a stick
kids pulling triggers, niggas killing niggaz
five-o they sit and wait and tally death-toll figures
it's crazy there ain't no time to really chill
jealous motherfuckers always want to act ill
22's 25's 44's 45's
mack elevens ak's taking mad lives
what the fuck you gonna do in a situation
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
tons o' guns

tons o' guns you got we got they got
the state of affairs yo it's like mad chaos
i know a kid who just passed the other day
they shot him sixteen times so there he lay
you can pray for this shit to like cease
but until then a nigga's going to pack a piece
and yo the devil's got assasination squads
want to kill niggaz 'cos they're scared of god
they got camps where they train they learn to take aim
at a nigga like a piece of game
and i'm not seeing that, them days are gone
'cos now we got (chromes) to put them where they belong
so me a rude boy from and in a brooklyn
fuck the bullshit pain and suffering
i'm coming off with a foolproof plan
as if each every lyric was worth a hundred grand
i stand in the face of hatred
letting off mad shots making devils run naked
tons o' guns

tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
tons o' guns real easy to get
tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
tons o' guns but i don't glorify
'cos more guns will come and much more will die
why, yo i don't know black

some motherfuckers just be living like that
they like to feel the chrome in their hands
the shit makes them feel like little big man
twelve years old catching wreck
'cos there ain't no supervision putting kids in check
people get wounded, others they perish
and what about the mother and the child she cherish
the city is wild up steps the wild child
tension anger living in danger
what the fuck you gonna do in a situation
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
tons o' guns

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Planet"

[Guru]
Boom bash dash, I had to break, I had to getaway
Packed my bags, to leave for good, it was a Monday
Kissed my mother, gave my pops a pound
Then he hugged me, and then he turned around
I threw the duffelbag over my shoulder
It was time to get props kid, cause now I'm older
Time to fend for myself jack
So I'ma go for mine, and maybe never come back
Stopped at the lye spot before I hit the train station
Needed some boom for the mental relaxation
It took the last of my loot to make this move Troop
But I ain't even tryin to work in a suit
Plus my aunt's got a room that's for rent
As long as there's no hoes and I don't come home bent
So fuck the bullshit I'm audi
I'm on a mission, cause if I stay I'll go crazy
I'm gonna make it god damnit
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet
They never fake it just slam it
Out in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet

Crash boom bang I used to hang at Four Corners
And all the spots in Beantown where niggaz carry burners
But I was more turned on by the micraphone
So one cold morning, I left home
Next I'm smokin blunts on ?
Or workin in a mail room Uptown, feelin sick and
tired, of payin all these fucked up dues
I wasn't tryin to lose -- I refused
Had a chick Uptown, one in Queens and one in Jersey
Sometimes all you need to get by, is a girlie
But yo I still wasn't happy
I seen a lot of ill shit on my block, happen nightly
East New York is no joke kid
And peace to my man Hass doin his bad
I went to Flatbush to buy incense and weed
Stopped at the bookstands for somethin to read
That shit was rough cause my pockets was bare
and like the sayin goes, sometimes life ain't fair
But in my heart there ain't no quittin
So I stayed up late, to write some rhymes to some rhythms
Seconds away from just flippin
But fuckit I'll maintain, one day I'll be hittin
See I'ma make it god damnit
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet
I'll never fake it just slam it

There in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet

And you can, walk the walk talk the talk but don't flaunt
Cause little shorty's scheamin on your rings and fronts
but don't sweat it, cause that's the life out here
A lot of niggaz, be livin real trife out here
I got my own place in Bed-Stuy
Known to many others, as Do or Die
Malcolm X Boulevard and Gates Avenue
Smokin up the fat trey bags with the crew
Me and the niggaz Troy and Squeaky
Used to twist Dutch Masters, we got nice weekly
I used to build with the brothers by the spot
They had to hustle but they still knew a lot
To get my haircut had to go to Fort Greene
on Myrtle Ave, to get a fade with the sides clean
Then to Fulton just to look around
Just to roam around, and find a chick to go Uptown
and check a movie or some shit like that
I couldn't spend much but yo my game was fat
I remember this one chick, she brought me a beeper
Then one week later, she got me some sneakers
But then I stepped, cause I found out about her rep
And I ain't goin out bein no bitch's pet
But anyway I used to lay up in the crib
Listening to Red and Marley, wishin I was on kid
Saved my dough, stayed on the down low
Lounged and drank 40's with Tommy, Hill and Gunsmoke
And Lil' Dap used to come by strapped
Nice off a L cause we stayed like that
Sometimes I used to miss my moms
Gunshots in the twilight, people fightin every night
But I'ma be aight still
Cause I'ma keep writin shit and perfectin my skills
I'm gonna make it god damnit
Here in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet
I never fake it just slam it
Here in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet *[echoes]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Speak Ya Clout"

(feat. Jeru the Damaja, Lil Dap)

[Verse 1: Jeru the Damaja]
Last year record companies were chumpin me
But now like chicks they all be up on me
and me so horny, I hit em like a groupie
Snatch off my hat wash my dick and keep it movin
Showing and proving on a day to day basis
I rip New York and a million different places
State to state country to country
My skills are legend in the style of poetry
I've paid my dues to this game word to mother
Peace New York hops it gets no rougher
Baby brother been puffing buddha and blunts since eighty-five
Before the fake motherfuckers started perpetrating live, I've
achieved mad props though niggaz roll around in jeeps
I ride the A-Train and get mad beeps
So when we bang bang boogie out jumps my boot knocks
Chicks comes in flocks when D.R.S. rocks glocks
And I mean it it's all done with the mind
I neutralize suckers because I'm alkaline
I could go on for days speaking bout my clout
So Lil Dap snatch the mic and show the motherfucker out

[Verse 2: Lil Dap]
Yo you can't hide from jail and you can't hide from the street
Flavors do get deep when you're walking the east
A unit down from the underground made the brothers unite
I'm slappin pounds and pounds with real niggaz aight
Ain't nothing changed but the weather, rain storms or whatever
You poured a forty on the ground for the brothers who ain't around
Break it down with the flow as I walk through the ghetto
A nigga said he couldn't do it til the shit hits the fan
Last year I was The Man ripping up every jam
So what's your hobby nothing serious when things get rough
I'm stepping rugged and tough, and bitches won't get enough
A Lil Dap what's that? Fuck around you get slapped
Schizophrenic with rhyme plus we're well organized
Make the chicks say 'aow' and the brothers say 'ho'
You can't tell a motherfucker what to do with his life
Niggaz tend to live trife, so I react with the mic
It's the end of the time so I got to gets mine
Aiyyo 'ru, what's your function meet me at Broadway junction
Before I start to get in it, better yet i just kick it
Aiyyo son, if you're ready Guru starts to flip it

[Verse 3: Guru]
Earl, with my three-eight-five shot I bust a bumba claat

He talks dumb a lot so him shall drop
I got the clout, all you pussy rappers be out
From the ghetto I let go, shit to make you petrol
Watching fly niggaz show you how to rhyme asshole
You know the motherfucking situation
So get down get down with the Gangstarr Foundation
Now I'ma touch on reality, chumps can't fuck with me
and all the honies be loving me
My style be kicking crazy butt
Wannabes on their knees licking crazy butt
Your girl pays me but ain't no need to try and stop her
I'm Big Poppa fuck your girl and I'll drop her
cause she be working on my nerves
and yo I got more gang than the bitch got curves
I'm like gambino, the slick head honcho
Ill kid ready to wreck mics pronto
and I know, I break your back with my rap like smack
because I'm all that
And so the next time when you're wishing for my downfall
I'm a come back to drown y'all
With stupid lyrics relative to a bloodbath
And stay the fuck out my path...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"DWYCK"

(feat. Nice & Smooth)

[Intro: Greg Nice]
Ah yeah, here's another Gangstarr sure shot, featuring the one and only, uh heh heh heh handly handly boy, Nice & Smooth, hey, hey, HEY, HEY!!!!

Ganstarr has got to be da sure shot
Nice & Smooth has got to be da sure shot
[x2]

[Greg Nice]
Greg Nice!!! Greg N-I-C-E
Droppin dem basso, ah oui oui
Rock for a fee, not for free
Maybe I'll do it for charity
Now my employer or my employee
Is makin Greg N-I-C-E very M-A-D
Don't ever ever think of jerkin me
I work to hard for my royalty
Put lead in ya ass and drink a cup of tea
Peace to Red Alert and Kid Capri
Ooohh la la ah oui oui, I say Muhammad Ali, ya say Cassius Clay
I say butter you say Parkay
It's alright if ya wanna make a sway
I'm a way up town, took duece to the tre
I originate, they duplicate
I praise the lord and keep the faith
It's alright keep bitin at da bait
'92, uh!!, one year later
Peace out Premier take me out wit da fader

[Premier scratches and hooks]

[Guru]
I chant eenie meenie, minie moe
I wreck da mic like a pimp pimps hoes
Here's how it goes I am a genius I mean this
I shake this you'll take this
I'm kinda fiendish
You wish that you could come into my neighborhood
Meaning my mental state
Still I'm 5 foot 8
Crazy as I wanna be
Cause I make it orderly
You could say I'm sorta da boss so get lost
The brotha dat will make you change opinions
Dominions I'm in them when it's time to kick shit from

The heart, plus I get a piece of the action
I'm feelin satisfaction from the street crowd reaction
Chumps pull guns when they feel afraid, too late
When they dip in the kick they get sprayed
Lemonade was a popular drink and in still is
I get more props den stunts den Bruce Willis
A poet like Langston Hughes and can't lose when I cruise
Out on the expressway
Leavin the Bodega I say "suave"
Premier's got more beats den barns got hay
Clips are inserted into my gun
So I can take the money, neva have ta run

[Premier scratches and hooks]

[Smooth B]
I left my Phillie at home
Do you have another?
I wanna get blunted my brother
Now may I make a mark
Then make a spark over this phat track
Or should I say dope beat
Subtract, delete
All of the wick wack that wanna be abstract
But they lack the new knack that's comin from way way back
Hey yo Premier, please pass that buddha sack
You hear we quit?
No way, bullshit
I told ya before we come back wit more hits
I provide bright flava, so you could sketch me
Do me a favor, dont try and catch me
Slightly ahead of the game, I'm not a lame
Ask him, he'll tell you the same he knows my name
Smooth, I drop jewels like, paraphenalia
I'm infallable, not into failure
Like a rhinocerus, my speed is prosperous
And pure knowledge expands from my esophagus
I write here tonite to bring truth to the light
My dialogue is my own cause Smooth B will neva bite

[Premier scratches and hooks]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Words From The Nutcracker"

(feat. Melachi the Nutcracker (Group Home))

Sick thoughts on my mind with no self-control
Uplift your soul and make the brothers wanna roll
Sixteen years old with heart that's gold
Yo check it check it out like this, here we go
Run around the streets cold strapped like an alley rat
But now I'm gettin much props like a fat cat
A young mack but I don't think I'm all that
I just can't sweat another brother's bozack
So what the fuck, y'all movin on up
Gonna swim in big bucks, like Scrooge McDuck
And if ya don't like and you wanna step up
Then open your mouth, and suck my nuts
Melachi the Nutcracker, I'm always gettin blacker
Fatter, I bust a fat rhyme to make your head shatter
I'm from the Bronx, New York City
The big fuckin Apple where the niggaz get busy
God bless the dead, and God rest my pops
Peace to the niggaz goin out bustin shots..

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Mass Appeal"

[Verse 1: Guru]
No way you'll never make it
Come with the weak shit, I break kids
Step into my zone, mad rhymes will stifle ya
Lines like rifles go blast when I kick some ass
A lot of rappers be like one time wonders
Couldn't say a fly rhyme if there was one right under
Their noses, I hate those motherfuckin posers
But I'm so real to them it's scary
And with my unique skills nag you can't compare me
And no we don't make wack tracks
and all the suckers get pushed back when I'm kickin real facts
I represent set up shit like a tent boy
You're paranoid cause you're my son like Elroy
And you'd be happy as hell to get a record deal
Maybe your soul you'd sell to have mass appeal

[Verse 2:]
Oh yes I'm greater than all MC's when I breeeze give me room please
I be like fascinatin when I be updatin
Cuttin off wack kids, pullin their trump cards
I thump hard, and mak eem say that I'm God
Niggaz be pretendin they hardcore
Never know the meaning of (real hardcore)
But I get props like a slogan and no man
Could ever try to diss when I kicks my jam
Lyrically def and connecting complete mic wrecking
No double checking vocals kill like weapons
But if I have to I go all out with no mic
Yeah that's right cause I survived mad fights
And for my peeps I truly care
Cause without some of them I wouldn't be here
And they all know how I feel
Cause suckers be like playin themselves to have mass appeal

[Verse 3:]
I know I'm dope but don't wet that
I've suffered setbacks but now I'm makin greenbacks
Just like baggy slacks I'm crazy hip-hop
Check one two and you don't stop
Your head'll bop when I drop my crop
of pure bomb, just like the seashore I'm calm
But wild, with my monotone style
Because I don't need gimmicks
Gimme a fly beat and I'm all in it
Word is bond I go on and on
For you it's tragic I got magic like wands

So I'ma end this lecture and I betcha
Those who kick dirt and do time I'm gonna get cha
Cause I be kickin the real
While they be losin the race tryin to chase mass appeal

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Blowin' Up The Spot"

[Guru]
Ah so now ya got me pissed off, blast off lift off
Time for me to twist off a vocal fist off
into your domepiece, Homepeace, I heard your chick wants to bone me
I get, wild like rugby, respected like Bugsy
Don't even ask me, cause I'm livin lovely
Born to succeed, foes bleed, true indeed
The oral combat will romp that, your one of my seeds
when I first, busted on the scene
Nigga, you knew I had more than a gangsta lean
I mean my lean is gangsta though so check it
I'll stick an MC for his spot and sign in blood on his wack record
Boo-ya-ka, to your face as I ruin ya
Clown ya, dumbfound ya, while I'm screwin the
fuck out cha girl as she steps into my world
I'm not the tallest, but that ass I'll polish
And if the hooker runs her mouth she gets cut off
But then you'll sweat her, cause like my leather you're butter soft
Your style stinks kid, ya garbage
And if you keep talkin shit, I'ma make ya pay homage
Cause the G to the U to the R-U, came too far to
let you slide through, rhymes will scar you
And who the fuck are you anyway?
I catch more wreck in a minute than if you rhyme for ten days
Throw the cash in the pot
You betta dash nigga, cause I'm blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"
[Premier scratches]

[Guru]
No ex-capin the explosion, those who are dozin, I close in
Set the thermostat at sub-zero, they're frozen
Extreme temperatures from my mic, stuns amateurs
Unable to conquer the Gang, I ain't mad at cha
Peace to Jeru, the Big Shug and the Group Home
Keepin it real, no playin niggaz or chrome
I'm way past the kid shit, brothers already did shit
You want some props? Yo dog, here's a biscuit
I'm a smooth nigga and my groove's bigga, move nigga
And we don't care who's wit cha, got the picture?
And you don't wanna hear the burners go pop
Gang Starr motherfucker, what, blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"
[Premier scratches]

[Guru]
I go from one format then switch to the next
Reflex sets the pitch vocals rip through projects
Crazy shouts are heard all around
Cause the GangStarr sound carries more weight per pound
I got some brand new Timbs, so emcees sing new hymns
You betta repent, come correct, represent
or get stomped, smacked and slapped, cap peeled back
I got you open, and now you cling to my sac
Get off, hands off, stay off, you're way off
You rookie motherfuckers it's the finals not the playoffs
I'll break you up into particles, to small pieces
Because your brain is miniscule
You little fool, come learn the tools of the trade
I made the rules so go to school and get played
Just when you're thinkin that your jam is hot
Up steps the niggaz who be blowin up the spot

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Suckas Need Bodyguards"

MC's be fakin' so now they get taken

[Chorus:]
Fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard
I hate fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard

[Verse 1:]
MC's I lay out like stiffs in the morgue
Praise the lord you're in awe when I'm grippin the mic cord
Rhymes I rip with swift execution
One verse to coerce your girl to prostitution
The Guru is now the brother you fear and
beware when I'm making hits with premier and
Rolling to a spot near you, lyrics tear through
Chrome to your dome you better watch your rear view
Niggaz been held back too long we're coming up
In the streets we roll alone so watch me running up
I'm summing up a mad posse of warriors
Night crusaders able to break down barriers
and bringing faces of death putting mc's to rest
until there's no fake chumps left
Run, step, yeah bounce nigga bounce
My rhyme's a (cargo) when yours is just a quarter ounce

[Chorus x4]

[Verse 2:]
Gangstarr boy and that's beyond your comprehension
Mad brothers in every city you can feel the tension
To stop the killing wack mc's must die
Who am ? I'm the substance that'll make your third eye cry
Too potent, too high in intelligence quotient
when I unleash my speech I'll have you punk rappers open
I won't expose your names and your identities
You know you're phoney get the fuck from in front of me
Hardcore fans are fed up from your folklore
Lines strip you raw and infect you like cold sores
and I hope you're not the one that I'm after
Since the days of adidas I've been a true master

[Chorus x4]

[Verse 3:]
I've been around punk but yo i still feel young
A few of my crew members like to pack guns

I'm high strung but don't mistake me when I smile
I murder an entire rap chart with my freestyle
After the killing just like casper I'm ghost
Fakes thought I was friendly, at their wakes I was host
Toast without a gun you'd be done
Throw up your hands bitch and now you know you stand to lose one
Choose one metaphor and then choose another
Wax that ass like a bully have you calling your big brother
Although I'm five foot eight they call me sargeant
Got more hoes in my dick than you can fit in the garden
At Madison Square I shot a fair one
So many niggaz knew me that the kid wouldn't dare run
MC's pay cash to ensure their safety
They know they can't take me; the G-A-N-G, you crazy?
I be on them like a message from god
Knowledge of self while fake mc's play hard

[Chorus x4]

[Outro x2:]
Fake mc's they always act hard
I'm not a sucker so I don't need a bodyguard

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Now You're Mine"

[Guru]
Yo Duke, you're dead wrong; tou'll never have the skills like mine
I write the ill type rhymes now I'm reaching my prime
360 dunk in your face
You can't compete, you're just a basket case
Let's separate the men from the boys
And put your money where your mouth is, no time for toys
Your game is weak you geek so don't sleep
Cause I'll be checkin ya, wreckin ya, when I start to creep
through the backdoor - I know I caught you out there
You got no clout here, and I doubt there
is anyway that you can stop the beat down
You better play the background, and sit back down
Chumps like you, I gotta keep 'em in line
So prepare to suffer boy, cause now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

[Guru]
I'll fake you left and go right, straight down the lane
Here's one in your eye; you'll feel pain
You strain - to put together some strategy
But you're raggedy, and i'll be glad to see
The frown on your grill when I drill and thrill
Set up my offense, commence to kill
I'll be leadin from beginnin to end
And after I pound ya, you're gonna wanna make friends
And make amends for the silly, trash you were talking
Take a walk and your shots I'm swattin
with ease, and the ladies are swoonin
Clockin my swiftness, while you're droolin
You oughtta practice up and get your game refined
I've been waitin to dog you, and now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

[Guru]
Hurry up sucker, go ahead and pick your squad
Try to play hard.. but I'ma rob
you of your crazy notions to defeat me
You're weak see, I'm rough hardcore
And even be down to give you a rematch
After I wax and tax that butt
When I slam the alley-oop, you can rally troops
But I'll play the awesome defense
I'll pick your pocket, and send you to the bench
With tears in your eyes as you realize the prize is for me

Yes all the money
Son, my form is too nice, my handle's precise
I'll take you right or go left
Because my game's so def, and now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Mostly Tha Voice"

[Refrain:]
It's mostly tha voice, that gets you up
It's mostly tha voice, that makes you buck
A lot of rappers got flavor, and some got skills
But if your voice ain't dope then you need to (chill... chill...)

Up steps one, and he gets done
Then up steps another, he gets smothered
That's word to mother, or should I say moms
I drop bombs, scorchin niggaz like napalm
Sucka, boy, get off my shit
Get off my dick so what I make butter hits
You better change your behavior, battling Gangstarr
No religion could save ya
My religion is rap, R-A-P
R-E-A-L-I-T-Y, G
Cause when I rock street kids rejoice
I got mad rhymes, still

[Refrain]

So when you think you know the whole you don't even know the half
You're not a threat to myself, and neither to my staff
Not the type to really dance too much, although I used to
Rather bust a fresh line, and get loose to
The blunted ill types of beats Premier makes
Makes your girl's rear shake, let me set it straight

[Refrain]

Some rappers use hooks to this shit
But if you took that shit out
and you took all the music out
What would remain? The voice no doubt
Bless my soul I control
when in pimp mode
My bank roll expands
I invest in my man
I plan, to keep rap real
so if your shit ain't fat then kneel
You squeal, feeling pain from my oral flex
what about oral sex, which chick's next
To open wide and get a chunk from a real brother
Yeah, some real funk from a real brother
They get sprung and most of them don't recover
But I don't diss em I just talk to em
Cause the sound, of my voice, it does a lot to em

So you and, the niggaz right there
Be aware, like SWV, I'm right here
Waitin to correct your ass
And if you don't follow now I'll disrespect your ass
More Vicious than Sid, do a crime with no bid
I tell a bitch that I didn't when you know that I did
Take a trip to a land a-far
Then come back, and people still know Gangstarr
See I'm the ladies choice
Cause I got crazy styles, still

[Refrain]

[Outro: Guru, Shug]
Oh shit Shug, whattup
(Whassup money?)
Just loungin, about to go do this shit in the studio
(Oh yeah, you just let me get on that shit
You always said I could get on, you need to let me get on that)
Word?
(For real man)
Yo man
(Don't front on that shit)
I'm sayin yo, if I let you get busy, youknowhatI'msayin
you can't be dissapointin me
(I flip shit, I'ma flip shit on this)
Aight man, let's go

Gang Starr Lyrics

"F.A.L.A."

(feat. Big Shug)

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x3]*
[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Big Shug]
Word to Joe Frazier, got ta do what pays ya
Give a nigga pain, like displasure
But close your hips in, nigga you can't win
I walk around, with a scowl and a grin
Parties try to rock me, chicks try to clock me
Niggaz try to block me, but they can't stop me
I'm a bad man, understand where I come from
Treatin niggaz dumb, as I drink my rum
I'm a mad man, I get respect with the Tec
Put punks in check, Shug's on the set
I'm the one with the game, the twelve round
CRACK to the concrete, from the underground
I'm a bad nigga, how do you figure to take me
You cannot break me, so don't mistake me
for your brother, I'm not a punk motherfucker see
I did my time, and now I'm FREE
I'm a dope one, ready to rip and wreck shop
I will not stop, I won't be dropped by the cops
I'm bad, understand me with the game I kick
I got crazy bitches like a Trojan on my dick

[Guru]
Yo Hobb we got more rep than Lucky Luciano
Suckers we wet to the sound of the dope piano
This is something you can't handle, here's one example
I got your head as a trophy up on the mantle
Each and every sect we wreck, the crowd's electrified
Mystified, you get dissed, when you try, you die
Fish niggaz, they get fried upon my skillet
I kill it, fuck it, my shit is on hit
and hittin you blaow (BLAOW) so what you wanna do now?
You stepped up, I whacked ya, you crept up, I smacked ya
Got infinite length, with the strength of a real master
If you don't bow down now you'll get plowed down now
You know, like POW

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x3]*
So Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x2]*
[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Guru]

Word to Mike Tyson, hit you quick like lightnin
Swing my left jab first, and then come in with the right
Cold deck ya, nah I could never respect a
punk like you, you get dropped like one two
and you're out son, just like a one round bout son
The outcome, is that you'll get that ass hung
Easily, swiftly, you'ew stupid you can't get with me

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x2]*
I said Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die

[Big Shug]
Fumin! HEAHHH, I'm boomin down on niggaz
I figure, how could they take out a big nigga
They don't know, so I don't never give em a clue
That's you and you and you, and oh yeah you
You can't get with this or take me down
I'm always laughin HA HA cause you punks are clowns
Since I'm passin emcees, with my skill
I'm up on the hill, and I force them dudes to chill
Rippin up shit as I do, because I'm violent
That's why when I walk in the room, punks are silent
My name is Shug, as if you didn't know
I'm pimpin hard, and punks are just a hoe

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x2]*
I said you Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
I said you Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x2]*
[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Big Shug]
Yea yea that's Shug for ninety-three
I wanna say whattup to all my people, yaknowhatI'msayin?
We got the Guru in the house, and my man Lil' Dap
Showin motherfuckers where we're truly at
I wanna say whattup to my homegirl, my main girl and my kids
Whassup Kerry, Marie and Lisa how y'all chillin?
I know y'all in the motherfuckin house too, yea!
I like to say whattup also, to all the peoples back home
that know what time it is, and the niggaz tryin to get real
And on that note, right
I'ma get the fuck up out of here

[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"
[DJ Premier cuts and scratchs this line to the end]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Comin' For Datazz"

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

[Guru]
I hit the chicks with the nice round heinies
Play a hoe like a hoe, play a sucka like stymied
Try me, and you'll descend into your end
Never thought it could be you well think again my friend
My pen illuminates, and dooms the fakes
You're soon to break, you're strawberry like shortcake
I'm in that ass with my Timbs all day
You couldn't tarnish my rep, so you crept away
Just behave and be a good son -- or else
I'm bringin the noise cause most emcees are puns
I used to chill in Roxbury now I'm comin outta Brooklyn
Herb niggaz are assed out, y'all get tooken
or taken, and that's word to all rude bwoy Jamaican
I swing bitch, yes I'm crankin
Just like an Alpine, a deadly rhyme, brand spankin new
Pumped to put some lead in your crew
A hollow point shot, cause your weak shallow point's
not hittin -- should've gave up from the beginning
But since you're bluffin with your tape that's trash
Tell your peeps that we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

Whose that lurkin in the dark with the hoodie strapped;
puffin on a blizz, mellow meditatin black?
I ain't impressed cause the rest they fess
Sometimes I wanna flip, clap a hole in they chest
but I lay back, as I prepare for the payback
And drop the master rhymes with the mad crew from wayback
I stay back, I watch, the whole job, you botched
Couldn't maintain, it's like your brain just stopped
But the Gang is on the prowl kid like Lector
Paint a logo with your blood so you niggaz remember
the Chain and the Star, mysticle and never typical
The average rap group, ain't even equipped to go
head up, I'm dead up, you ducks could never last
You fakin jacks, we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

I heard some hardheaded punks wanna see me
Jealous of a nigga just because he's on TV
You know the video shows that you be watchin
Call up and request so you can see it more often

My persona sheds more light than a nova
Cause niggaz are soldier, yo this war, it ain't over
And ain't no stopping like McFadden and Whitehead
You might get dead, fuckin around like you do
Pursue the knowledge that's available
Before your chump-style game and your punk friends fail you
Gonna dissect your brain for a minute
Look at your puny ass world and what's in it
Nothin, that's how long you've been frontin
I figured by now that you've come up with somethin
But you're still the same snake with my name on your mouth
Wanna know what I'm doin, wanna know why I shine?
Cause I'm the rebirth, so now you gotta see me first
I kick more facts than paperbacks for research
and knees hurt, next you feel em bucklin
The huge pussy look on your face reveals the sucker
inside of ya, because I checked the way you're ridin the
jimsome, better sing more than a hymn son
Never sustain the true pain of my wisdom
Never be able to touch GangStarr
True indeed, I believe in takin my words far
Across the seas and deserts, through the trees and grass
And if you ain't on point, then we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

GANGSTARR
GANGSTARR
GANGSTARR
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
MOMENT OF TRUTH

Gang Starr Lyrics

"You Know My Steez"

[Guru]
That makes me know that, we we we we're doin
We had the right idea in the beginning
And and we just need to maintain our focus, and elevate
We what we do we update our formulas
We have certain formulas but we update em (oh right)
with the times, and everything y'know
And and so.. y'know
The rhyme style is elevated
The style of beats is elevated
but it's still Guru and Premier
And it's always a message involved

"The real... hip-hop"
"MCing, and DJing.. from your own mind, ya know?"
"I, I guess right now we should start the show"

[Guru]
Who's the suspicious character strapped with the sounds profound
Similar to rounds spit by Derringers
You're in the Terrordome like my man Chuck D said
It's time to dethrone you clones, and all you knuckleheads
Cause MC's have used up extended warranties
While real MC's and DJ's are a minority
But right about now, I use my authority
Cause I'm like the Wizard and you look lost like Dorothy
The horror be when I return for my real people
Words that split wigs hittin like some double Desert Eagles
Sportin caps pulled low, and baggy slacks
Subtractin all the rappers who lack, over Premier's tracks
Severe facts have brought this rap game to near collapse
So as I have in the past, I whup ass
Droppin lyrics that be hotter than sex and candlewax
And one-dimensional MC's can't handle that
While the world's revolvin, on it's axis
I come with mad love and plus the illest warlike tactics
The wilderness is filled with this; so many people
searching for false lift, I'm here with the skills you've missed
The rejected stone is now the cornerstone
Sort of like the master builder when I make my way home
You know my steez...

[Method Man] "You know my steez"
"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"
[Flavor Flav] "To the beat y'all"

The beat is sinister, Primo makes you relax

I'm like the minister, when I be lacin the wax
I be bringin salvation through the way that I rap
And you know, and I know, I'm nice like that
Work through worldly problems, I got the healing power
When the mic's within my reach, I'm feelin more power
Stealing at least three minutes of every rap radio hour
It's often easier for one, to give advice
Than it is for a person to run one's own life
That's why I can't be caught up in all the hype
I keep my soul tight and let these lines takes flight
The apparatus gets blessed, and suckers get put to rest
No more of the unpure I got the cure for this mess
The wackness is spreadin like the plague
MC's lucked up and got paid but still can't make the fuckin grade
How many times are wannabe's gonna lie?
Yo they must wanna fry, they can't touch the knowledge I personify
I travel through the darkness carrying my torch
The illest soldier, when I'm holding down the fort
(*[Method Man]* "You know my steez")
You know my steez...

"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"
[Method Man] "You know my steez"
[repeat x4 with very last line modified as follows]
"The mic..."

On the microphone you know that I'm one of the best yet
Some punks, ain't paid all of their debts yet
Tryin to be fly, ridin high on the jet-set
With juvenile rhymes makin fake-ass death threats
Big deal, like En Vogue, here's something you can feel
Styles more tangible, and image more real
For some time now, I've held the scrolls and manuscripts
When it's time to go all out you be like, "Damn he flipped"
Now I'm sick, fed up with the bullshit
Got the lyrical full clip, giving you a verbal asswhip
Don't trip it's the gifted prolific one
Known as Bald Head Slick -- why is the press all on my di-dick?
My style be wilder, than a kamikaze pilot
Don't try it, I'm about to start more than a friggin riot
Styles unsurpassable, and nuccas that's suckas, yo
Them motherfuckers are harrassable
For I be speaking from my parables and carry you beyond
The mic's either a magic wand
Or it gets tragic like the havoc of a nuclear bomb
Then I grab your palm, no pulse you're gone
And if you thought we'd lose our niche in this rap shit you way wrong
I stay up, I stay on, shine bright, like neon
Your song's, pathetic, synthetic, like Rayon
Fat beats, they play on, want dope rhymes, put me on
Word is bond... you know my stee

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Robbin Hood Theory"

[Intro features Elijah Shabazz from Muhammad Mosque No. 7]
Peace Brother Elijah
Hey peace Guru, how you doin?
I'm maintainin
Just been thinkin though man
about the situation for today's youth man, the seeds man
What's your opinion on that?
Mmm that's strange I was thinkin the same thing
Somethin I read in the holy Qu'ran how it says
"Has thou seen him who belies religion?
That is one who is rough, to the orphan."
And no matter what we say our religion is
whether it's Islam, Christianity
Juddaism, Buddha-ism, Old School-ism or New School-ism
If we're not schooling the youth WITH wisdom
then the sins of the father will visit the children
And that's not keepin it real...
that's keepin it - WRONG

[Chorus: Guru]
Now that we're gettin somewhere, you know we got to give back
For the youth is the future no doubt that's right and exact
Squeeze the juice out, of all the suckers power
And pour some back out, so as to water the flowers
This world is ours, that's why the demons are leary
It's our inheritance; this is my Robbin Hood Theory... Robbin Hood Theory

[Verse 1: Guru]
I seek Sun, deceive none, for each one must teach one
At least one must flow and show the structure, of freedom
It's me Dunn, cause petty things we don't need 'em
Let's focus to create somethin great, for all that sees them
They innocent, they know not what they face
while politicians save face genius minds lay to waste
If I wasn't kickin rhymes I'd be kickin down doors
Creatin social change and defendin the poor
The God's always been militant, and ready for war
We're gonna snatch up the ringleaders send em home in they drawers
But first where's the safe at? Let's make em show us
and tell em hurry up, give up the loot that they owe us
We bringin it back, around the way to our peeps
Cause times are way too deep, we know the Code of the Streets
Meet your defeat; this is my Robbin Hood Theory... my Robbin Hood Theory

[Verse 2: Guru]
I floss my rhymes like dentals, my mental's presidential
from the wild ghetto districts to the plush resedential

Essential, would be the message that I send you
I meant to, elevate at every venue
Pops told me to pursue what is true, and nothing other
And nowadays I pave the way for troops of my young brothers
Necessary by all means, sort of like Malcolm
Before it's too late; I create, the best outcome
So I take this opportunity, yes to ruin the
Devilish forces fuckin up my black community
And we ain't doin no more interviews
til we get paid out the frame, like motherfuckin Donahue
We're taking over radio, and wack media
Cause systematically they gettin greedier and greedier
Conquering turfs with my ill organization
Takin out the man while we scan the information
You wanna rhyme you best to wait son
You can't even come near, if you ain't got our share
You front on us this year, consider yourself blown out of here
Yeah... by my Robbin Hood Theory

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Guru]
God is Universal, he is the Ruler Universal
For those who can't follow that spells GURU when in my circle
I see all sides of my culture...
Design my thoughts like a sculpture
And chumps they wanna get with me cause I'm another entity
I'm sent to be, leadin the army of the century
Mention me, and snakes will retreat, eventually...
... due to my Robbin Hood Theory

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Work"

(from "Caught Up" soundtrack)

Are you working?
What kind of work do you do?

Uhh...
("Boy, what is it you want to do when you grow up?)

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

Now I'ma start collectin props, connectin plots
networkin like a conference, cause the nonsense is yet to stop
Jakes shake me down, haters wanna take me down
Break me down, CLAP all they heard was the sound
Yo I scoped it out, I took your weak dream and choked it out
Your bitch don't really got no ass, she just poked it out
on the deelow, I'm sayin, you versus me though?
We can do this shit right here, in front of your people
See time is money kid, and BS walks
And to me, it's funny kid when you meet heads talk
I see Feds stalk, they wanna dig up the dirt
Son is it me they hawk, cause I be puttin in work Son?

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

You cornballs get stonewalled, blackballed I own y'all
The veteran, runnin my plan I'm the better man
Crazy raw, doin my job like the mob
Blazin y'all, and disappearin in the fog
or a mist, and chicks can't resist what I kick
They be beggin for attention or some more of the dillznick
Word up baby, someone may have to get hurt up baby
Shit is mad shady, but I got to get the gravy
Platinum respect like the force of a tech
keep you hittin the deck, feelin heat in your chest
Bangin your thoughts with the hot onslaught
A kid got shot on the spot for goin where he should not
Viciously, I make history, instantly
Those other lame ass loser ass niggaz, they can't fuck with me
I'm doin my thing now, to lamp later on
Paid in the shade, with some fly gators on
But now I'm grimy as they get, mud on my pants and shirt

I bet you niggaz out here know, I be puttin in work

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches] "For the qualified pros"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Royalty"

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[Greg Nice] "Gangstarr has gots to be the sure shot"
"and it's like dat" *[Primo scratching]*

"GangStarr" "Represent"

[K-Ci and JoJo] Ohhh yeah

[Guru]
One of the meanest and the cleanest
And still I'm kind of feindish when I'm at this
Been doin this for eons, peons best to catch this
vision of excellence, precise rappin ability
Bout to make some dead presidents, macking a million G
The money though, it's got people actin funny yo
As soon as some niggaz get some light, they be like dummies yo
Products and puppets and pawns, gettin played out
When authentic niggaz step up, respect be layed out
Major effect to your sector, I'm the corrector
Live and direct, waving my mic like a sceptor
Supreme exalted, universal leader
Descendent of the kings and queens, the overseer
The overlord, cream of the crop, creme de la creme
Spent years buildin with cats in the streets, so they my men
Again, GangStarr has done it
Remember too much jewels back in the days? You'd have to run it
Check it, the ground be hot under our feet
So we be listening to beats to keep the cypher complete
Wether you kids be holdin, on the block all day
Or you be puffing lye, out in the back hallway
Or whether you being schooled, or in the library
Wherever you are Baby Pah, realize that your essence
is divine son, and let it shine son
As we refine son, aiyyo, this shit'll blow your mind son
We're royalty

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

Wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I have to stand out from all the rest
Whatever I do, wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I just wanna stand out from all the rest

[Guru]
And all the girls they want to spoil me
My honey annoits me with oils G
After work she greets me, and treats me like royalty
Works with me, giving herself, by my side
She don't sweat me for loot, my fame, or my ride
A lot of ladies out there, be lookin lovely
But they don't got no control of the their life, inside they're ugly
Word to Bugsy, and to Red Alert
Sway and Tech, and Funkmaster Flex to make your head jerk
Chicks go beserk when they see us in the spot
K-Ci, JoJo and Primo, creepin to the top
And to the sweethearts out there breaking hearts
While we're takin part of this hip-hop art
Listen yo, the best way, it ain't always the fast way
And yes the best way, it ain't always to act nasty
I'll open up the door always before you pass me
Baby Doll, because you're royalty

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

Whatever I do, Wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I have to stand out from all the rest
Whatever I do, wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I just wanna stand out from all the rest

[Greg Nice] "GangStarr has to gots to be the sure shot"
"and it's like dat" *[Primo scratching]*
[x4]

[K-Ci and JoJo freestyle singing]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Above The Clouds"

(feat. Inspectah Deck)

"It has come to our attention that a mysterious force is LOOSE..somewhere in outer space."

"The mysteries of creation are there."

"Up in the sky?" "Up in the sky."

[John F. Kennedy] "The moon and the planets are there.
And new hopes for knowledge and peace are there.
And therefore as we set sail; we ask God's blessing -
on the most hazardous, and dangerous, and greatest adventure
of which man has ever embarked."

"Prepared for liftoff."

[Guru]
I Self Lord And Master, shall bring disaster to evil factors
Demonic chapters, shall be captured by Kings
Through the storms of days after
Unto the Earth from the Sun through triple darkness to blast ya
with a force that can't be compared
to any firepower, for it's mindpower shared
The brainwake, causes vessels to circulate
like constellations reflect at night off the lake
Word to the father, and Mother Earth
Seeking everlasting life through this Hell for what it's worth
Look listen and observe
and watch another C-Cypher pullin my peeps to the curb
Heed the words; it's like ghetto style proverbs
The righteous pay a sacrifice to get what they deserve
Cannot afford to be confined to a cell
Brainwaves swell, turnin a desert to a well
Experience the best teacher; thoughts will spray
like street sweepers Little Daddy street preacher
Illustrious feature, narrator you select
Accompanied by Deck plus the DJ you respect
The seven and a half combine, over the frontline
The ten percenters, promotin slander in the airtime
Bear in mind jewels be the tools of the trade
Sharp veins heavenly praise and dues are paid

[Chorus: Guru]
Above the crowds, above the clouds where the sounds are original
Infinite skills create miracles
Warrior spiritual -- above the clouds
reigning/raining down, holdin it down

[Inspectah Deck]
Yeah; I leave scientists mentally scarred, triple extra large
Wild like rock stars who smash guitars
Poison bars from the Gods bust holes in your mirage
and catch a charge shake em down like the riot squad
Invade your zone, ruin like ancient Rome
I span the universe and return to Earth to claim my throne
The maker, owner, plus soul controller
Ayatollah rest in the sky, the cloud's my sofa
Stand like Collossus, regardless to whom or what
Numerous attempts at my life, so who to trust
Who but us, to supply you with the fire?
The burning truth, 150 Absolut proof
On the mic like Moses spoke in golden scribe
Survivor of the oldest tribe whose soldiers died
I notified families, we shed tears and more
but our hands are the ammo cause the battle's still on
Sound the horn; we come rumblin through the function
Precise laser beam technique to touch somethin
When we die hard, to build the monument to honor us with
Humungous effect in the world - we could have conquered it

[Chorus x2]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"JFK 2 LAX"

Yo
Yo Premier?
Yeah whassup G?
That trip to L.A., may be delayed
Why whassup I'm on my way to the airport now
Yeah well your boy Guru got knocked
WHAT?!
I don't know what this is about, sounds crazy man
Somethin about a gun

"The court calls Keith Elam to the stand.
Please approach the bench."

[Guru]
Yo they got me handcuffed, I'm down in central booking
Things are fucked up, the way my future's looking
But I'm too fly, I'ma change this scenario
Make some power moves and tighten up my bankroll
Chumps are leary though, they see me as a threat
I'm like the black Dutch Schultz when you get me upset
Five-oh makes me wanna flip, Larry Davis style
Got a nigga depressed, while he's awaitin trial
It's OK though, cause from grey skies comes blue
Through darkness comes light and I be known as the Guru
And this I certify we all should be alerted by
the traps within the system, our youth is gettin murdered by
the D.A. says they got me on a felony
I'm tryin to live my life, so what the fuck is you tellin me?
The streets are war, that's what brothers carry weapons for
And I take the weight as I did before
The next thing you know, they got me on the radio
A rapper arrested, suckers showin me on video
Of course I know, that I'm a role model
But yo this rap life is real life sometimes it's full throttle
Right now I gotta think about me fuck the industry
You gets no love, except those who support me
What's the story, what happened when I went to L.A.?
Mixin shit up, no not there I got family
Nothin happened, mind your business yo step
You know we connect, JFK 2 LAX

[Chorus: Guru]

They wanna lock us all up, and throw away the key
Don't wanna see us come up, don't wanna see us makin G's
Long as we know this is the key to our destruction
Let's make moves no discussion

[Guru]

Peace to my man Hass, and Orange Man payin the cost
All the twenty-five to lifers all my brothers gettin tossed
into the system, supposed to rehabilitate
It's why you gotta regulate your own mindstate
Read, study lessons and build your inner power
The next level, doesn't tolerate cowards
For example, I know this rich Nigerian
Powerful American that's proud to be an African
He asked me why do all us brothers be gettin trapped
I told him I'd explain it broke it down in a rap
Whether you got naps, braids waves or no hair
Without esteem for yourself nigga, you goin nowhere
And you can swagger like you rule this; Josey Wales
unorganized revolt almost always mostly fails
Give up the savage ways, be effective soldiers
To elevate the mental is to be poor no more
There's war in the streets, prepared men know best
Our rhyme as live as it gets, JFK 2 LAX
They're always makin trouble yo, against the righteous
Killin us in cold blood, those beats those vipers
And as I sit feelin the pain in my wrist
I vow to myself that I'ma change this shit
Or at least I gotta try, or part of me will die
And only by action will any ideas solidify
So I inhale, exhale as I ponder
This grown man will make mistakes no longer
I've been there, I've seen how they make us fall victim
to their tricknowledgy, with no apology I diss em
And so I rip facts to dope tracks I caress
You're gonna hear about it, from JFK 2 LAX

[plane lands]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Itz A Set Up"

(feat. Hannibal)

[scratched by DJ Premier] "We got news for ya"

[Chorus: Guru and Hannibal]

[Guru] While they devise our demise, we grow wise
[Hann] Upset the set up, the element of surprise
[both] IT'Z A SET UP
[Guru] It's time to upset the set up

[Verse 1: Guru]
Though they conspire, fake us to make us retire
With the burning desire we make it out of the crossfire
Thoughts are higher, elevating and focused
while the path is narrow, for those like us
Primo beats provoke us to meditate like Zen
With the will and the strength, of a million men
While they introspect, where nothing is met
It's been that way for a while so much has come and then went
But I'm confident, a few, are due to redeem
their respective kingdoms, with an abundance of cream
So if I were to scheme, it would be on a realer dream
Like formin effective teams to filter the smokescreens
You totin in jeans, don't even know the true envy
The man I'm pickin apart, and plus they both were friends to me
Past trivial pursuits like East and West coast feuds
Come against me on the mic, many and most will lose
Like most dudes, I love this hip-hop, and this rap stuff
But I don't like the shows, where the ignorant act up
While some'll be rippin it, they be in the crowd wildin
Flippin on kids, for the chains and medallions
Or the kid they don't like, from a beef from way back
And decide that's the night, perfect time for payback
It's wack for the group, plus the others who came
to see a fat ass show, instead there's bullets aflame

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Hannibal]
Still waters run deep this is leagues in depth
Quiet as kept they slept we crept
Society puts the squeeze on MC's like iron grips of death
From here on in peace and blessings long cherish your breath
Gifted and Rhyme U now how we do, stay true
Follow through lay down the law, cause it's probable and overdue
All systems overdue, my guns know me
I only hold a few my nigga for only a few hold me

Never forget the ones before me, my momma told me
sacrifice for the ones behind me leadin the seeds
Blind leads, black on black, crime to me
Inclined to refine my creed I eat thinkin lead
Conceive to make the beast bleed, enhance thoughts
like tossed trees 'cross the Earth three-fourths
Let my offspring feed all three, corpus delectis cost me
Lost and found on enemy ground, quoted although
they don't know how we get down at sound speed we breed
Mo more confined to blind greed and self destructive deeds
Heed my freedom war cry, of course I'm N.Y.
Hug my peeps that died, the loved ones alive
Reinforce and fly high as I lie so shall I
from New I to Cali next plateau U.N.I.versal
Unleash the black rain
Show em who in control, electro-magnetic
pull on the hole, ill as toters bang out
Til we sittin on swole the strongest way to grow
The only way I know, Underground Railroad on track
No physical or mental chain can shackle that

[answering machine messages]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Moment Of Truth"

No matter what we face
We must face the moment of truth, baby

[Guru:]
They say it's lonely at the top, in whatever you do
You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you
Nobody's invincible, no plan is foolproof
We all must meet our moment of truth

[Guru:]
The same sheisty cats that you hang with, and do your thang with
Could set you up and wet you up, nigga peep the language
It's universal, you play with fire it may hurt you
Or burn you, lessons are blessings you should learn through
Let's face facts, although MCs lace tracks
It doesn't mean behind the scenes there ain't no dirt to trace back
That goes for all of us, there ain't nobody to trust
It's like sabotage, it's got me ready to bust
But I can't jeopardize, what I have done up to this point
So I'ma get more guys, to help me run the whole joint
Cultivate, multiply, motivate, or else we'll die
You know I be the master of the who what where and why
See when you're shining, some chumps'll wanna dull ya
Always selfish jealous punks, will wanna pull ya
Down, just like some shellfish in a bucket
Cause they love it, to see your ass squirm like a worm
But just as you'll receive what is coming to you
Everybody else is gonna get theirs too
I ain't no saint, therefore I cannot dispute
That everyone must meet their moment of truth

[Guru:]
Actions have reactions, don't be quick to judge
You may not know the hardships people don't speak of
It's best to step back, and observe with couth
For we all must meet our moment of truth

[Guru:]
Sometimes you gotta dig deep, when problems come near
Don't fear things get severe for everybody everywhere
Why do bad things happen, to good people?
Seems that life is just a constant war between good and evil
The situation that I'm facing, is mad amazing
To think such problems can arise from minor confrontations
Now I'm contemplating in my bedroom pacing
Dark clouds over my head, my heart's racing
Suicide? Nah, I'm not a foolish guy

Don't even feel like drinking, or even getting high
Cause all that's gonna do really, is accelerate
The anxieties that I wish I could alleviate
But wait, I've been through a whole lot of other shit, before
So I oughta be able, to withstand some more
But I'm sweating though, my eyes are turning red and yo
I'm ready to lose my mind but instead I use my mind
I put down the knife, and take the bullets out my nine
My only crime, was that I'm too damn kind
And now some skanless motherfuckers wanna take what's mine
But they can't take the respect, that I've earned in my lifetime
And you know they'll never stop the furious force of my rhymes
So like they say, every dog has its day
And like they say, God works in a mysterious way
So I pray, remembering the days of my youth
As I prepare to meet my moment of truth

[From Who's Gonna Take the Weight?:]
"You should know the truth and the truth shall set you free"

[Guru:]
Yo I got one lyric pointed at your head for start
Another one, is pointed at your weak ass heart
Now if I pull the trigger, on these fully loaded lines
You're gonna wish I woulda pulled a black nine, I mack dimes
Crack the spines of the fake gangsters
Yeah the biting trifling niggas, and the studio pranksters
Yo looking at the situation plainly: will you remain G?
Or will you be looked upon strangely?
I reign as the articulator, with the greater data
Revolving on the TASCAM much doper than my last jam
While others struggle to juggle, tricky metaphors
I explore more, to expose the core
A lot of MCs, act stupid to me
And we have yet to see, if they can match our longevity
But anyway it's just another day
Another fake jack I slay with my spectac' rap display
Styles, smooth but rugged -- you can't push or shove it
You dig it and you dug it cause like money you love it
The king of monotone, with my own throne
Righteously violent prone my words bring winds like cyclones
Storming your hideout, blocking out your sunlight
Your image and your business, were truly not done right
Throw up your he-Allah-I now, divine saviors
You got no hand skills there's no security to save ya
No pager, no celly, no drop top Benz-y
I came to bring your phony hip-hop to an ending
My art of war will leave you sore from the abuse
Cause you must meet your moment of truth

[Guru:]
They say it's lonely at the top, in whatever you do
You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you

No one is untouchable, no man is bulletproof.
We all must meet our moment of truth

Gang Starr Lyrics

"B.I. Vs Friendship"

(feat. M.O.P.)

[GangStarr's "Who's Gonna Take the Weight?" plays in the background]

[Guru]
It's like, a friendship, and a business partnership
And, we have to always be concious of the difference
between em; because y'know, some things can happen
that'll ruin one or the other, so
we alwa-we always stay concious of those things
Those obstacles that can, y'know trip us up
because we ain't trying to go out like that

[Primo scratching fades in gradually]
"friends" "business" *[x3]*

ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHRAHHAHHH!!!
C'mon! Motherfucker! Yeah! ...
GangStarr! GangStarr! M.O.P.
Ghetto people!

[Guru]
Son you're supposed to be my man, but you ain't wise enough to realize
this is B.I., see I wanna taste the whole cake
Some things in this industry, shit be so fake
Make no mistake, if you're my man you'd understand
about the plan, to stack hundreds of grands (That's right!)
And how to stand, on much more acres of land
And to expand from the days of goin hand to hand
So like I was CEO I do my thing son
and turn this underground rap thing to my kingdom
Release a fistful, of rhymes for the fiscal year
MC's are wishful fuckin with this here
They stuck with the tear, for fear they foresake a brother's love
it's clear -- I'd have to be the better man I'm thinkin
The 7th Letter Man ain't got no time for petty speakin (uhh)
So we go our seperate ways I see the fork in the road
I know I blessed you with a portion of gold
and some good fortune to hold, so KEEP THAT
while I keep it movin, just like truckloads
of interstate cargo, taxin niggaz like U.S. embargoes
You my man like I said so all the best
You shoulda known we do shit differently than all of the rest
Can't afford to let a link be, loose in the chain
It's time for us to get mad more, juice in the game
You're buggin son (that's right) that's word to Billy and Fame
So I'ma stay the game, that we play to win (Yeah!)
So I don't care what you say to her or say to him

The object son, is to excel and lead
And niggaz be bluffin fallin for nothin but greed

[Chorus: M.O.P. and Guru]

[M.O.P.] If it's animosity
[Guru] Let me know
[M.O.P.] If you plottin to stop my dough
[Lil' Fame] Time to go!
[M.O.P.] GangStarr, M.O.P. nigga
[Billy Danze] Tryin to blow!
[M.O.P.] If you my man you could understand!
[x2]

[Lil' Fame]
I'm true to myself y'all, and I'm a down ass nigga!
So don't fool yourself, clown ass nigga!
I always been the type of cat that'll put it on ya
since back in the days when Laze snatched me off the corner
And every since then, the whole game changed
Everybody's against, Lil' ass Fame
They wanna see me stretched out with my back smokin
Left for dead in the street with my back opened
So I don't keep friends I just roll with
niggaz I was RAISED WITH, went out in a BLAZE WITH
In the penile, to B.ville, down to Grayson
And we thick together, in these last days kid
So I don't have what you call friends
cause when it's on then they gone in the end!
But I'ma handle my business indeed
Cause niggaz be bluffin fallin for nothin but greed!

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze]
Hey yo what happened to the love soldier? It never crossed my mind
that you would doubt my love inside and test my pride
I divide, anything that I got
with my M.O.P. staff -- WE ALL AND WE OUT!
To the First Family loyalty, is no game
We them type of niggaz that, money won't change
We all aim, for the big picture
but to me it don't mean shit if your dogs ain't witcha
I sacrifice my main arteries -- WHY NIGGA?!
Ain't nobody never loved me, like my niggaz
See my business is my friendship and my friendship is my business
Can I get a witness?! (Preach on nigga!)
Hey yo we went through all out wars, half-assed tours
Travelled 'cross this land with heavy contraband
(See you my man!) And you ain't never got to
second guess or question the love of William Danze (Sho' nuff!)
I am invaluable, to my niggaz
cause they all rest there in thirty-two -- BETTER THAN NOTHIN!

Think of William when they start bustin, I hold you down
(When them body parts pop up cousin) I'll be around!

"friends" "business" *[repeat x6 to fade]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Militia"

(feat. Big Shug, Freddie Foxxx)

"There's a bulletin - state police, Princeton Junction"

"The militia...
Certain individuals of unidentified nature
is now under complete control"

"Hip-hop is not, what it is today.."

"It's the real *[echoes]*... it's the (militia)"

[Verse 1: Big Shug]
If heads only knew how I felt about the rap game
They'd relocate, and change their fuckin name
I eradicate movefakers, roll with coat shakers
Give dap to mad money makers
Shared cells with lifetakers, have sex with rumpshakers
I make moves so I'ma earthquaker
I've been known to instill fear
Although the world may be round, we still trapped in the square
City light, got me buggin and trife
Some die by the gun, some die by the knife
It's alright, like a game of spades I'm trump tight
Premier hit me with music to ensure that it thump right
And my flight, will be taken solely at night
Cause that's when the freaks come out, no doubt
And in the dark hours is when I will shower
with the knowledge of my trade to get paid
Still I make moves like a snake in the grass, roundabout
I be dickin it down while you be assed out
Puff mad L's but never passed out
And if I'm caught up in a jam I blast my way out
There'll be no lettin up, just straight shuttin up
or we'll start the wettin up
Lyrical infrared sceptor never miss you
Big Shug, Guru, Freddie Foxxx, The Militia, militia

[Chorus: Freddie Foxxx]
Everybody's spittin it, the rhyme is hot
Cause it's Big Shug, Guru, and Freddie the Foxxx
When Premier bring the beats, no it just don't stop
It's The Militia *echoes*

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]
Yo; I ain't one to succumb to no man, but to command

And scoop up the troops when it's time to take a stand
Emphatically, deep strategies leave casualties
I creep gradually, til everybody knows
that I got more flows than Rosebud got hoes
The anger inside had me trapped
til I got geared up with raps to tear you up like big gats
for big stacks, watch your back when I send em in
Caught you tremblin, my name and face you're rememberin
Several attempts, but nah bitch, you'll never win
Rhymes pierce your skin or maybe limbs we'll be severin
Take you to the mat, peep that, you should keep back
My ill-kid format will lay you flat like a doormat
that I walk on, I meditate while you talk on
And gossip, so I drop my hot shit; fully loaded glock clips
So get the fuck out my block, kid
As nights turn to days, days go back to nights, we be speaking it right
And keeping it tight up in the street life
I meet life, head on, no holds barred
Born with a heart of gold, now mostly cold and scarred
En guard, choose your weapon, or get to steppin
Lyrical bullets make you dance from the trance you be kept in
Assessments are made before, and during combat
I master my hunger, blow the spot when I bomb cats
One of us, equals many of us
Disrespect one of us, you'll see plenty of us
Conflict, is what I predict
You and your fellas is mad jealous, attempting to flare
We cleverly stalked ya, your fam'll miss ya
The war's on, that's why we formed The Militia

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Freddie Foxxx]
You niggaz owe me for my rhymes, I come to collect
For you dope fiend niggaz in rap, I here to inject, check
My style is water baby, spread it around
But when you niggaz don't flow it right and fuck up my sound
I get down; in '89 I spit the buck in the face
of every MC that came in the place, a scar you'll never erase
MC's are only recognized for their flows
I'm worldwide for the bitches, that I turned into hoes
You heard me spit it on Jew-elz, that's how it goes
For all them faking ass niggaz and how I bust up they nose
And while your, nose is drippin, and drainin blood
I be standing over you screamin, "Nigga, WHAT, WHAT?! Nigga WHAT?!"
Niggas feel my presence, like I'm right in they palm
Cause a stormy day is coming, when you see me so calm, it's on
No more twin glocks, they jam up my plays
Now its twin .40 calibre Walther PPK's
I'm in the control of my game, you must respect me like The Ref
Uh-huh, you disrespect *gun clicks* you get the tech
I turn you fake niggaz on and off, like I'm the clapper
I rob so many niggaz, they should call me Jack the Rapper

I'll the illest nigga doing this, dead or alive
Gloria Gaynor on you motherfuckers, I Will Survive
You can try to come at me, but do you want the kick back?
You snap inside the cage of a pit, and you get bit back, huh
My war is so tight, my drama so ill
Beef with me hangs around like a unpaid bill
I push these lyrics through any MC, and make it burn
So the niggaz who be rhyming next, will miss a turn
When you speak of who's the dopest MC, I don't come up
But when you speak of who's the livest MC, I stay what up, what's up?
I got stripes while you got strikes and bogus mikes
Do what bitch niggaz do best *UTFO sample* bite
You niggaz can't make up a law that I don't overrule, overthrow
Prim' brought Bumpy these tracks so I can let you know
Before I slide I'ma leave you this jewel
Even mechanics walk around with they tools
It's the Militia

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Rep Grows Bigga"

You do your first bid and dirt to get your name known
You never talk too much to get your spot blown
Now you're no longer just a face in the crowd
You're gettin so much respect that niggaz might as well bow
And movin up with your hustle like you planned it
Rakin dough like the world's greatest bandit
Always got one eye open, for the stick-up kids postin
So much cream chumps they can't understand it
Ladies flock to your jock like it's golden
Curious, to test the weight you be holdin
but you ain't got no time, to be chasin felines
If she's the chick that you pick then she gets chosen
People treat you like you're ghetto royalty
And all your staff shows you utmost loyalty
You paid your dues, refuse to lose in this scenario
The rep grows bigga, you're a legend and a hero

Your fame has gotten larger than your life
You've got a harem of bitches and killer niggaz that's hype
They got your back, but you so fly you don't need em
You shit what you're eatin so you don't peep the proceedings
They start schemeing, feeling that you're too swollen
and that's the reason why your cash and stash gets stolen
You start perspiring, because you're paranoid
Still another confrontation that you couldn't avoid
Prepare for drama, as if you were a stunt man
Back in the days you was a forty and a blunt man
Today you're a Willie, now the weather's too chilly
New York City ain't the place to be frontin
Over your shoulders day and night's where you look
Your so-called fam ran a scam, and you got shook
Go back to square one, better go talk to your son
See reps grow bigga in the life of a crook

Years ago, we were new jacks to this scene
Showed some effort, made fat records, but still saw no green
Know what I mean? They tried to stifle us
Nigga you could not believe how really ill and trife it was
Fed up so we headed on a serious mission
Wishin, that we could better our position
Two businessmen, Guru and Prim', we enterprised
Too strong to be stepped on, creatively wise
The dedicated ministers of underground sound
When we're doin our thing, you know we don't fuck around
No matter how bizarre and different you think you are
your team wouldn't dream of competeing with GangStarr
Premier in the rear with the beats and cuts

And Guru with the mic ready to tear shit up
Take us out the game nigga? How you figure?
The name is well kept, and the rep just gets bigga

Gang Starr Lyrics

"What I'm Here 4"

"Tell the people what you're here for"

[Intro/Chorus: Guru]
It's the message in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic, aight?

[Verse 1: Guru]
I take action the minute that the crowd gets hype
I'm type crashin, down like a meteorite
I'm Bogart-ing, mics and whole stages
Destroying MC's dreams, from words to whole pages
Their rapbooks, look more like scrapbooks
with their fictional fairytales and frail ass hooks
A lot of shit has happened, since I started rappin
There's been enough beef, and enough gat clappin
There's been mad signs, for this brother to heed
and while some choose greed, I choose to plant seeds
for your mental, spirit and physical temple
Bob your head to it, there's the water you've been lead to it
Bathe in it, a long time you've been cravin it
Prance to it, use your third eye and glance through it
Your state of being, becoming advanced through it
While others rhyme with no reason I be breezin
Their mics I seize them, then I try em for treason
I used to always like to hang out
Now I lounge in the rest writin bombs while tracks bang out
I know you peeped me in the club then
but now I'm in your speaker, with the voice that you're lovin

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]
Peace to the young ladies, who wanna bone me much
And peace to my nigga Premier, with the golden touch
I never fall off point, like DeNiro in Casino
Peace to Black Gambinos and all my peoples
dig the steelo -- I'm fightin wars you know
as in the Jihad, most humble, most merciful
That's because I be God, I trog through fogs, puffing logs
MC's muttering menial madness, they get mobbed
Scarred and barred, and then, banished from my fuckin kingdom
You got a fly one bring one, or else I come to fling some
exquisite exotic exciting type shit
Enough to make the real heads wake up and get hype quick
I'm type slick, known as the God Universal

Kick rhymes without rehearsal, I cross the burnin sands
Now I stand here with virtue, of course I could hurt you
simply with my point of view, and I knew
that many would come, that's why I've chosen
to cut off pathways, and there's no runways or doorways open
for the jokers who ain't focused
And all the fake mercenaries get buried by the tongue of terrifying fury
Nothing's blurry, fuck it I got no worries
Hearts and minds, shine bright light with insight
Yeah sense my birthright to set up cyphers with power
cause mad shit ain't right, like punks in the spotlight
who can't freestyle, sometimes I make my peeps smile
by sayin somethin crazy wild
like some shit off my dome, that be soundin
better than the next man's whole album..

Gang Starr Lyrics

"She Knowz What She Wantz"

This jam is dedicated
to that woman that knows what she wants
and just how to get it, word up

She knows what she wants *[x2]*
Yo, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants
Yeah, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants, she's bold so she flaunts
her hourglass jewels to mad clientele
Rejected oh well, she ain't goin to no hotel
Not the frantic freak type, but if you speak right
you get to take her out and dig her out on a weeknight
Weekends, she wants to spend your ends
Her shopping spree is colossal, attitude semi-hostile
Mack diva senorita, no reefer, no pizza, just
shrimp and lobsters, champagne and mobsters
Suckin up the cream like a vac to a carpet
Strictly black market now you're her next target
Watch out... cause yo she knows what she wants

She knows what she wants *[x2]*
Yo, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

Spotted her in the club, with her crew nearby
Her looks are a lullaby, to pass us by, she's too fly
Never gunshy, hair is blown dry
She craves a wiseguy to help her gain amplify
So when you say, "Yo baby," she ain't gotta say hi to ya
cause prior to this, he put rocks on her neck and wrist
plus a fat joint on her finger
You best to have a batch of scratch and treats to bring her
And if you happen to luck up and get in
You'll find yourself another jealous trick-ass boyfriend
And furthermore the mink she's donning is stunning
Blinding your senses Dunn, never put the two
before the one son...

"It's the lesson well learned"

"It's going down!"

[scratched] "It's the lesson well learned"

"It's going down!"

She knows what she wants *[x2]*
Yo, she knows what she wants
Yeah, she knows what she wants and just how to get it

Never fall victim to a chicken you was stickin
Even if you think the punanny might be finger-lickin
Never fall victim to a wicked woman's ways
"Why son?" She's trying to get paid, check it
One: She said she wanted to give me a son
Two: She said she didn't like my crew
Three: She never ever cooked for me
Four: She was my cheri amore -- YEAH RIGHT
It was all hype, I needed more insight
In retrospect, I know I slept from the first night
She did a split and that was it
Gave up my pimp license, and flipped my whole friggin script
But now I'm back like the Isley's moving wisely
Sizing up the situation, keeping honies waiting
Cause I got more to do, than to be sucked dry
This tough guy, will get by, while the chickens wonder why
I don't be callin cause it's like Ex to Next kid
I know what I want, and just how to get it
like her, no disrespect Miss

Gang Starr Lyrics

"New York Strait Talk"

"From New York straight talk, America's best" *[x3]*
[Apocalipse] "Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this"
"Word up!"
"From New York straight talk... America's best"

[Guru]
Yo, it doesn't make sense, for you to compete against
this New York vibe that gets your whole body tense
Calm down, listen to a brother who knows
Cause the rappers out here come up with mad different types of flows
Switch-up, change-up, yo pull the range up
so we can build on this shit, for real that's how we came up
Used to ride the subway trains back and forth
Now I push an E-Class, four-two-zero of course
Still material gains, make one more aware
of all the madness and the civil unrest that's out here
I doubt there, is anyplace more complex
You can get lost in the sauce, New York'll have you vexed
Who's next to get served, herbs'll get knocked off
Burning flammable rappers, is how I get my rocks off
I pop your top off as if you were the bottle
then I'll drain all your fluid, you're better off playing lotto
Bright lights, big city and the dark alleyways
New York we get the money all day everyday

"From New York straight talk, America's best"
[Apocalipse] "Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this"
"Word up!"
"From New York straight talk... America's best"

[Guru]
True if you can make it out here, you can make it anywhere
That means a lot of rappers, they should stay away from here
cause we still care, about the total artform
Niggaz could sell more records but they still can't flip a live forum
Plus everybody out here ain't talkin true shit either
Mad niggaz is fakin jacks, I don't like them neither
But the competition keeps me on point
that's why I lamp in the studio composin fresh new joints
from the streets, Medina, Manhattan, Staten, P-Lawn
The struggle continues, everybody wants to be on
The rat race, makes this lifestyle fast paced
I've loved it since the days of fat shoelace
Screwface me all you want, but I'm used to it
I'll never give up rep in New York, I'm true to it
From forty-deuce to Queens, back to East New Yi
We takin no shorts, and plus we showin no pity

Bright lights, big city and the dark alleyways
New York, we get the money all day everyday

"From New York... straight talk..."
"Yo.. I'm.. not.. new.. to.. this"
"America's best" "Word up!"
"From New York straight talk, America's best"
[Apocalipse] "Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this"
"Word up!"
"From New York straight talk... America's best"

[Guru]
You get bent up, sent up creek, without a paddle
You wanna battle? Well I live in New York
so think twice blink twice now your Roley and Lincoln's gone
Don't come into this rap game if you don't belong
You won't be on but for a minute anyway
You're just a scavenger, you don't live this life everyday
Rap is regional, so you can check the demographics
Everybody represent where they live, cause shit is drastic
confusion, while I'm givin rappers contusions
And people don't realize that real hip-hop is losing
They wanna shut us down, and I say, "Shut up clown!"
Cause New York is too corrupt and too tough to lay down
and just quit, cause MC's out here kick serious lyrics
And I come to you, with my infinite spirit
Not takin nothin from your hood or your set
But GangStarr could be a threat, in New York we rep
That's where it comes from, that's why you're feelin it
So why supress it, I'd rather be revealin it
Bright lights, big city and dark alleyways
New York we get the money all day everyday

"From New York straight talk... America's best"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"My Advice 2 You"

Yo yo Gu-rizzi, yo
Yo whassup son?
Yo man, youknowhatImean? I need this money man
Get up out in these, in these streets man
Yo, so what's the deal God?
I'm sayin, what you need though?
Yo let me have like, two or three, three G's man
I'm sayin, I'm sayin son man
You know what happened last time though
I gotta do what I gotta do man, I gotta eat man
Whassup man? Oh your baby momma stressin you? ...

Way past the days of the deuce me and you stays a crew
Only a few percent knew what me and you went through
We've been sent to dominate, these corny come-lates
and set this crooked rap shit straight from Crenshaw to Castlegate
Like Pete and CL, I reminisce over days
from the streets of Boston to New York and all the ways
for certain niggaz to blow up, and crime paid
But my praise goes to the most high
Cause some nights I got so wild yo, I almost died
Some stuff I got into, really scarred my mental
Pops wasn't tryin to hear it, cause of what he been through
Still, like my nigga Havoc said, sometimes you gotta
hit your crew off, so they can make some bread
Cause no matter the weather, niggaz be needin cheddar
And things in this world are more fucked up than ever
So let's make this bond to keep this hip-hop strong
You a man Baby Pop you know right from wrong
So stay out of trouble, and that goes for me too
That's what we need to do, that's my advice to you...

You remember what happened last time, when you got knocked
Doin your thing, sewin shit up on the block
You need to stop, fore you get caught again
or you get shot and I lose another friend

"Any man with the plan is precise with his life"

"Think twice"

My advice to you, cut down on champagne and booze
For a nigga like me, most time that shit's bad news
It's like lightin a fuse whether it's sneakers or shoes
cause somebody always wanna step up to start a feud
It's like Set-tin It Off but not the movie
Plus let's get some real women forget floozies and the groupies

Cause they spell mad problems from Watts to Harlem
And the bullshit won't stop long as the world's revolvin
And I recall when niggaz knew my pops had clout
But they didn't know my sorry ass was gettin kicked out
And they was seein if I wanted to come bubble with them
And make my ends triple and double with them
And get in trouble with them, now memories of them
I wear em in my heart like a emblem
I doubt we'd ever be bigtime sellin dope coke or dust
It's killin us, let's take our people and make a exodus
Annhilation, inhilation through the lungs
or extermination, by the use of dirty guns
Triple beam dreams and drug schemes of mad cream
could be a sad scene when you go to that extreme

"Any man with the plan is precise with his life"

"Think twice"

"My advice is to you..."

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Make 'Em Pay"

(feat. Krumb Snatcha)

[Guru]
First and foremost, some rappers are sweet like fructose
When I cock back these lyrics, y'all punks best be ghost
I be the seven twenty-one, eighteen twenty-one
The illest one, I'm almost doper than anyone
Straight out the late nights of Bed-Stuy
Steppin up, y'all put your weapons up, I make heads fly
You're artificial like saccarhin
You're crazy fake, it's more than skills you be lackin in
Concepts you bite, cause your identity ain't tight
Tryin to be somethin you're not, like pullin a knife at a gunfight
I'm troopin on night air like flight number 106
and gettin all up in your fuckin mix
You get me upset, and I got you uptight
cause my committee's in your city tonight, AIGHT?
We got seventeen million of us plus, two million Indians
That makes 19 mil, lightin shit up like Wild Bill
I be the, supreme father plus the ill kid with drama
My karma, creates the teflon to pierce your body armor
And make sure you check the shit before you walk to me, or talk to me
Steppin to me improperly, you just may catch the weaponry
My specialty is tearin tracks out the frame
You know my fuckin name, I rule all game
I'm universal on all planes, what's your claim?

[Guru]
Yo, I be your highness, in slickness, you chumps bear witness
Tremendous tropper, verbal nigga witht he fitness
Drop you for your spot with the blazer then I blast ya
Slice precise like ?fenny hanas? when I come to bring the dramas
Styles so swift, that you can't peep the God
as your lyrics get buried, six feet deep in my backyard
I laugh hard, while your mental I run through mazes
Dark stages of terror to shatter your dressing room mirror
Your whole error gets crushed, your whole show gets bumrushed
Too many dumb punks, want to enter this rap scene
Kickin Willie Bobo, but need to be slapped clean
into oblivion, the true champion always rises
I bring surprises to the chief plus their advisers
Size me up, and you will find nothing's larger
Catch more wreck on your dome, than a deranged fuckin barber
So what you made some dough, you best keep on scramblin
All your vanity, is instantly crushed, when I start handlin
Demandin that you pay, for your weak rhyme display
Coast to coast, I break the fakes everyday

[Krumb Snatcha]
I see myself as the black Rap Messiah
Colossal spreadin my gospel through electrical wires
Spit fire through speech, so I can reach each and every
Tom Dick and Jerry slippin like petroleum jelly
Too busy in the limelight, can't rhyme tight
I got divine right to bring y'all to light
Somethin ain't right, to be an MC, you gotta thug
Or to thug you gotta be an MC, this shit is bugged
Show love but few; deal with crew and crew only
And think universal like Sony
Phony pounds and fake hugs is usually avoided
Give a fuck like Pizza Hut I got to stay Noyd-ed
Cause that same nigga you trust, could be that same cat
behind that gat that bust, quiet ya, with the silencer
Keep it hush, ashes to dust, then dust to ashes
Nowadays it's who pull out the fastest, imagine this
rap shit without this gat shit, or the phony cat
in black talkin bout how much his Mac spit
But this year, GangStarr got changes bein made
No wack shit bein played no fake macks gettin paid
No Versace MC's, with a mouth full of Mo'
Soundin like a hoe spittin that old-fashioned show flow
I bombshell that pastel Chanel rap through a Maxwell
Ever since young Krumb, was taught to rap well
Goin deep, process of thought, when my eyes closes
Awaken with interpretive robe and sandals like Moses
Travellin high sands and Eastern lands for the answers
Ignorance is spreadin through the streets like it was cancer
Too many drinkin not thinkin, when behind that trigger
A 38 escalate the murder rate, for us niggaz
it's like, microphone roulette cause nowadays MC's is gettin wet
over someone else's fake gangsta rep

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Mall"

(feat. G-Dep, Shiggy Sha)

[Intro/Chorus: x2]
Make money money - GO SHOPPIN!
Take money money - GO SHOPPIN!
No matter what the weather, winter spring or fall
We'll be doin it... "at the mall"

[G-Dep]
Yo what the deal cousin, gave him a pound now we huggin
in the mall thuggin, buggin, spent a few hundred
Shorties must be lovin, shit, jigg to my Wallow's
They watch like Movado so I floss like I'm lotto
You ain't loungin, til you've been countin by the thousands
Profilin, pushin more weight than your medallion
We be wildin, lockin blocks down just like the Island
Dough pilin, we keeps it in the family like Italians
Ballin, cop some Charles Jordan and some icebergs
Ice herbs, nice curves, girlfriend with the white fur
Pushed up, feel her like some shots of Tequila
Said her man's a dealer, with all these bags from Antilla
He got to be, but you hot to me, you under lock and key?
Laid it down properly, this cat at Stern's watchin me
Moved on me sloppily, prepare for the fallout
with gats to blow the wall out, clear the mall out

[Chorus]

[Shiggy Sha]
Yo, don't be mad at me, I used to be
King Raggedy, fiends naggin me, shit I had to breathe
Gradually, rocked casually, Sha passed the leave
Vaseline slick shit, green stick shit
Honey got some mean lipstick, my knot's this thick
And I cop the meanest shit, still ride DISCUS
but cops frisk us, the block whispers
Theft need to stop, how we cop
but you can Guess like them jeans you rock
For now I'm rollin right, cause I had four faces
fightin four cases in North Face of Dolemite
So if he's here I ace the toners out my holdin tight
Shorty lookin innocent there, in Benetton gear
Nuttin innocent here, this ?henneson gear?
Give us a year, to really see clear, through these Cartiers
And do it party yea is what I'll probably hear
Sharkskin is what I'll probably wear, designed by Pierre, trust me
And look lovely with it
Cop a 4.2 and get ugly with it, snugly fitted, ruggedly hittin

Fitted in my Coogi knitted, compliments on the doobie did it
Got the movie rented if the crew be with it yo

[Chorus 1/2]

[Guru]
Most times I'm casual, but easily I switch
to some fly shit, like some silk suits by Paul Smith
And purchase some kicks by Kenneth Cole
Cop a Hilfiger, or Polo goose, for when it's cold
Armani, and Gaultier specs cover my eyes
The definition of jiggy so you best to recognize
At the mall, I'm baggin up, much more than gear
Victoria, be whisperin mad Secrets in my ear
She wanted me to knock her in the back of Foot Locker
I chuckled as she kicked more game than soccer
Others try to copy, I see em when they mock me
Baseball cap bent, the fresh scent is Issey Miyake
All the way from Green Acre's to the Beverly Center
heads turn, and I'm the main concern when I enter
At Albee Square, niggaz wouldn't even dare
with that fake thuggish ruggish when them Brooklyn kids be in there
Saw ?newriqi L? and then a sweet for my girl
Stylin, on the cell phone smilin, it's my world
Can't forget the Avorex, pocket for the royalty checks
My crew be showin loyalty, plus utmost respect
Yo son, go pioneer them bimbos, while I get some Timbo's
Later on that night you'll find them nymphos
That's how it goes cause mad heads be in the mall
Let's breeze, we got a show, plus I got another phone call

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Betrayal"

(feat. Scarface)

[Intro: phone conversation]
Yo what up son?
-Yo what up kid?
Yo, you holdin your head up?
-I'm tryin to man, but the system is shady
Word man they always man, they always tryin
to keep a good brother down, but I'm sayin
We still, you know we got love for you son
and we prayin for you and we, you know
we tryin to hold it down wh
you know while you in there man
-No question
Hopefully they won't keep you in there for too long
-Yeah, for real, I sure love be out in a minute, you know?
-But you know what I want you to kid? You know what would
-be the bomb man?
What's that?
-You need to do some shit with Face man
-Bomb on niggaz, be shady man
Scarface?
-Yeah man
Yo that's my nigga, yaknowwhaImean
-Scarface is tight son
Yo that's a good idea word is bond
I'm gonna talk the play in tomorrow (yeah) and
see about if we could hook up wit him
-That's proper

[Hook: Guru]
Scandalous, money greed and lust
In this trife life, there ain't nobody you can trust
Plus there's no justice, it's just us
In fact, watchin' yo back it be must
And each and everyday around the way gats bust
And jealous so-called friends'll try to set you up
It's called betrayal

[Verse 1: Guru]
Check the horror scene
The kid was like twelve or thirteen
Never had the chance like other kids to follow dreams
Watched his father catch two in the dome and to the spleen
Nothin" but blood everywhere, these streets are mean
They spared his life, but killed his moms and his sister Jean
Of course over some drug shit
Hi spops was on some ill-out, spill your guts, on some thug shit

Didn't know his boys was on some shady ass no love shit
His pops got played out though, with silencers they laid him out yo
Took his stash and all the cash and left 'em, tied up on the couch yo
With tape over his mouth, so he couldn't cry out
cause his dad was the nigga with clout
Survival of the fittest so they split his wig no doubt
Despite the stocking caps he noticed the same cat, who used to give him doe
and taught him, to use the same gat
Supposed to be an Uncle,fam and all that
He could tell it was him 'cause he wore the same slacks, he wore when
he took him to Meadowlands racetrack
Why did he flip and go out like that?
It's called betrayal

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Scarface]
A Betrayal
Punk ass niggas
It's called betrayal

He on a mission to become a ball player
Flip big Benz's, flossin all gators
Had it all mapped out,6-8,12th grader
Fresh outta school, he fin' to go lay paper
He had abrother who was hustlin collectin his change
Never let his baby brother stick his neck in the game
Told him all he had to do is just enjoy the ride
And he ain't have to worry about money cause that's in time
So now he's pacin as the time moves slowly
Can't wait to face Shaquille in the paint and school Kobe
Kept his grades and stayed up under naighborhood functions
And then a group of knuckleheads came through dumpin
So now he's sittin on the sidewalk bleedin
Fell into a puddle of his own blood and stopped breathin
And everybody in the neighborhood still grievin
But destiny caught up with his ass and he got even
And all the cryin in the world ain't goin to bring him back
his brother, sittin at the wake wipin tears from his mother's eyes
Why'd the game have to go and take the young boys life
Only the wicked live shife, payin the price
while he's starin at the shell
his brothers soul wants hell the trigger man made bail
and you, wouldn't pay the boys mail, and sacrificed the fuckin family
That's betrayal
Betrayal *[echoes]*

[Hook]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Next Time"

[Intro: Guru]
Word is bond, these cats been on the mic fantasizing a LOT
So called MC's, wannabe rappers and all that, whatever
You get your knot rocked kid, yo

[Chorus: Guru]
You thought you brought your best lines, but they couldn't touch mine
I rocked you in your knot hope you have better luck next time
[x2]

[Verse 1: Guru]
So just perhaps, you wanna challenge my style of rap
Talkin bout you bust caps, we know that's just a pile of crap
The underground is where I dwell at
It's where I find my heaven, and where you find your hell at
You're in my clutches now, you get slit up and lit up
just like some Dutches now, see I'm hard to define
My mind travels far, from ghettoes to galaxies
representin GangStarr -- The street life
The reason why my mic ignites, I bring more ruckus
than a nightclub fight, or bar brawl
I'm swingin lyrics like broken glass palm to skull y'all
Hold your head, cause all that weak shit is dead
See the times are changin, and me and my peeps is gettin crazy fed
So remember when you writing your rhymes
Stop fantasizing, and bring some real shit next time
Yeah, bring some real shit, yo

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]
Yo, I do what I have to do to master you and capture you
Until you recognize, what my rapture can do
You thought I wouldn't step up, to keep my rep up
I ain't them other kids, I don't need to play no catchup
I got too much pride for this, I know some niggaz
that'll ride for this, with me it's do or die for this
Street knowledge, intellect and spirituality
My survival package, as I deal with reality
I'm like Fishburne in Hoodlum when I come to do em
Chew em up, spit em out, the most respected no doubt
You seen me in action so act you been knowin
The G-U-R-U, of the Gang, I've been flowing
just like the river Niger all the way to the Hudson
Had so many lyrics stashed, and I couldn't wait to bust some
Lately, I've watched this game evolve and elevate
So now I push my music like drug dealers push weight

Straight like that, straight out the gate
Cause it's never too late, to set this fuckin record straight
But it is too late, for you and your crew son
You had the audacity to come against me, the gifted one?
And Primo with the tracks, to inspire my next line
You've got no wins here, so better luck next time

[Chorus: cut short in 2nd repeat at "I rocked you in your knot..."]

Yeah yeah
Better luck next time
[LL Cool J] ("Not this time but next time")

Gang Starr Lyrics

"In Memory Of..."

I'm not sure about any of these names

Mami Mary, Mary Coleman that is
I love you, rest in peace
You still here though
Word up
This goes out to you
Mary Parker, Loretta Randall
Grandfather Bill
Runy Manuel, Robert N'Blangio
Uncle C, Alicia Elon
Giovanni

[Guru]
To my man G.O.V., I remember how you used to be
You were the illest man alive now I'm reading your eulogy
Eyes so serious, you told me hold my head
Pursue this rap shit and go forward never backwards
While you gripped Tec's tight, and ran niggaz out of town
I ripped up mics, showin wack niggaz how to sound
Still your essence, was callin
By two gunshots, at close range, your frame had fallen
Now like a angel you've risen
And you will stay in my heart, and yo I wish you were still livin
Word... this is in memory of

I'm not sure about any of these names

Zachary Bro, Cousin Paula
Harry O-Fives *[Biggie Smalls]* "Rest in peace"
Yeah, Sam-O, 183rd
Joshua Faust "Rest in peace"
Brian Brown y'all, yeah

[Guru]
To my man Brian B, I remember how you used to be
You were the flyest in the club with three bitches doin rub-a-dub
You was the pimp of all panderers
GQ, Johnny Presley, fuckin up the elegances
So many hookers on your schedule
Slammin Cadillac doors and mackin whores on the regular
You used to boost, the slickest of suits
Climbin through the back windows on the bus, you was ill Dukes
Until that chick you vicked, for the Cutlass
started snillz-niffin ki-daine, and went to cut cha
That freak shanked you six times in your sleep
I wish you was here, cause your philosophy was mad deep

Yeah... this is in memory of

Keith 'Cowboy', Scott LaRock
Prince Messiah "Rest in peace"
Buffy, the Human Beatbox y'know
Tupac Shakur "Rest in peace"
Pinkhouse, Sub Roc
O.G. Boo Bang, salute! "Rest in peace"
Seagram's, Killa Black from Mobb Deep
Biggie Smalls, yeah rest in peace
Lance Owens y'all

[Guru]
To all my brothers doin time, whether or not you did the crime
You know the system is devised to keep you deaf dumb and blind
Like Scarface said, them cats are smart
In order for things to change we must all play a part
It's easy for us to blame society
But now it's way too late, and we must take responsibility
To all my brothers in the streets
I know you feel you gotta hustle cause your peeps gotta eat
Makin moves right and exact; don't wanna see you layin flat
Don't wanna see ya catch a bullet black
If we don't build we'll be destroyed
That's the challenge we face in this race of poor and unemployed
Freud, a philosopher, but I'm a realist
So philosophize this, without love we won't exist
To those who passed out there, in the deserts and the jungles
with pain on their shoulders, and heavy bundles
I pray each one will, ascend to new heights and new enlightenment
And this is why I'm writin it
Yeah... this is in memory of

I'm not sure about all of these names
Linnet Grinnich, Cookie Murray
Yeah "Rest in peace"
Ross, Laverne La-La Eyelif
John Hood "Rest in peace"
Kevin Fredricks, Donny Charles
Leslie Clark, and Will Clark "Rest in peace"
Tommy Saunders, Princess Di
Don Clark, Betty Shabazz "Rest in peace"
This is in memory of...
"Rest in peace"

GANGSTARR
DO NOT
BLOCK
the OWNERZ
TRESPASSING
OR FRONTIN'
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Put Up Or Shut Up"

(feat. Krumbsnatcha)

[Premier scratch:] "This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"

[Verse 1: Guru]
Stupid, you know it's time to sit and think, before we hit the brink
Lockerroom, at a prize fight, before he hit the ring
Like when I tell these corporate leeches they can't get a thing
Or when I tell relentless rappers they had better sing
The position that anyone holds could be up to grabs
I'm waitin up the ave to see if anyone folds
Since I was twenty-one years old and legal
I knew the difference between gimmicky gangsters and powerful people
I'm the reason, why the game is flipped
I'm the reason, why your aim is missed
I'm the reason why you're mad I only sprained my wrist
The reason my mindframe is trained in this
You like gunfire? Better acquire the taste
Cuz youf walk aroun' with full pounds by dem waist
Deface property, they be laced properly
Rules are rules, fools are fools, I react logically
Ain't no way, so come, make my day
Like Tom Hanks I earn long bank and +Cast+ you +Away+

[Premier scratching]
"This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"
"I repeat, this is not a question"

[Chorus: Guru (Krumbsnatcha)]
Oh you brag about the ki's you flipped and who you done up
Nigga whattup? (Put up or shut up!)
Poppin shit about the chicks and the whips you got
You think you hot? (Uh-uh, man - you put up or shut up!)
Always talkin bout your dough and your wealth and fame
Youse a lame (Get out of here - put up or shut up!)
You got hot beats and kids that can spit mad fire?
Youse a liar! (That's whack - put up or shut up!)

[Premier sample:] "This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"

[Verse 2: Guru]
Aiyyo I've seen the toughest of tough guys, the roughest of guys
Get reduced of their juice against the wall like small fries
All rise, it's time to do the damn thing
I'm all wise, my mind exercise like handsprings
Crazy degrees of difficulties
Remain mackin chicks, O.G. shit, the ten prixs(?)
Please, you know my peoples want a lot, the corner's hot

We gettin love on y'all block
And that's gangsta, but a lot of shit ain't
Believe me it ain't easy like you sleazy niggaz think
Uneasy niggaz blink, when I step to the stage
And don't flinch, don't move a inch, I'm bout to empty the gauge
I've witnessed the bad shit, sickness and sadness
Always dreamed about what I would do, if I had shit
Drop jewels infinite for the blind deaf and dumb
Down with M.O.P. and Bumpy plus I just left Krumb

[Verse 3: Krumbsnatcha]
But I'm back.. ha, fresh out of the max
And I'm gettin at you cats
Aiyyo popped out the beast, met The Ownerz with the lease
Soldifyin contracts over dope beats
Learned a whole lot up in these streets
Like when to talk, when to spark, and when not to speak
I do the one before a gun come out
Plus y'all don't really wanna see Krumb dumb out
A ghetto doctrine to watch every pistol pop
And then while you watchin examine all options
Young bodies in the coffin more often
It stay the same from Brooklyn to Boston
Every interstate, more youth with the inner hate
Deep in the struggle, puttin food on they dinner plate
Hungry W.O.L.V.E.S. that roll thick in packs
And pray on you cats with the gangstafied raps
Extortion, only gettin left with abortion
Pullin out tools on them fools who be flossin

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Werdz From The Ghetto Child"

(feat. Smiley)

[Smiley] Aiyyo I got the dimes that I get, I got the dimes that I bring
[Preem'] Yo, yo yo
[Smiley] Yo Preem', what's good?
[Preem'] What's good man - you still fuckin with that shit son?
[Smiley] Yo, don't even come at me with that bullshit man, whassup?
[Preem'] I'm sayin man, you said you was gonna leave this shit alone
[Preem'] You still on that bullshit nigga
[Smiley] Son.. SON I'll leave it alone
[Smiley] when you come and get ready with this music B, what the fuck?
[Preem'] I'm sayin man, who the fuck you think you are man?

[Smiley]
Yo, yo
Yo gangsta gangsta, O.G. is what you call me
It's like my life is like a never-endin drug story
Make coke, expand, yo you know who I am
Death percentages rises in the hood like grams
Who done it and ran, who blammed on my fam'
Out the window every night, deadly intentions man
Cocked back and ready to fire, hit man for hire
And fuck politicians, nothin but liars
As I build my cream, with self esteem
But drink the water from the streams, of gangsta lean
To keep food on my plate, stick a mac to your face
So I never have to fall off, so you can never underrate
Force pressure, is the techniques of real men
So when you slam the doors, we still get in
It's like demons when, what you fight that you can't see'll
come out your buildin, and get shot drastically
The way of the world, niggaz fiendin to pull it
You either bite the dust, or just dodge that bullet

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Sabotage"

[DJ Premier scratching]
"I want the public to know.. what goes on"
"I mean, look at the situation - be real"

[Verse 1: Guru]
The names have been changed to protect the innocent
Each step is intricate, I rep magnificent
Knew this kid named Ronnie, used to make cash with Caesar
They made a lot of money back in the 80's crack fever
Caesar was an overachiever, a kingpin and 18-and-a-half
He got knocked and left Ronnie to watch the team and the stash
Plus his crib, his jewels, his whip and his girl
And Ronnie's self-interests had him livin in a different world
He rocked Caesar's chains, he put Caesar's rings
Smokin mad wools all day, with Caesar's change
Not to mention he pushed up on Caesar's wifey
A move like that my man, extremely sheisty
It all got back to Caesar in the bing
They found Ronnie's body in the playground by the swings
Anyone can get it, for sure it don't matter dawg
Especially when a nigga tries commitin sabotage

[Premier scratching Guru samples]
"There ain't nobody to trust"
"It's got me ready.. ready.. ready.. ready.. ready to bust"
"It's like sabotage, there ain't nobody to trust"
""It's like sabotage"
"It's got me ready.. ready.. ready.. ready.. ready to bust"

[Verse 2: Guru]
Treachery, deception, it's best to keep a weapon
When you think that they be breddern, they underhand your plan
It's over for the cowardly, we grow more potent hourly
I'm knowin where the power be, I'm schemin to get even
Dissension can occur from within one's ranks
The chain can be weakened, by just one link
Pricks be galavantin from one crew to the next
Musical click-ass niggaz catch two to the chest
My usual guess is that they chose to digress
Disillusioned by greed, causin you to distress
Just do what's best, clean house, leave out
Them punks can't touch what they can't peep out
See I'm a raw nigga, and like my pops I'm a lawgiver
Can't throw a wrench in my game, I'm a boss figure
Take you under my wing, it don't matter God
Dead you if you try to commit, sabotage
Rise for me now, kneel for me now

Time to pass judgment, can't feel for you now
Lay in your bed, accept your fate
Try to clean it up, except you're late
From the streets to the industry, peep the chemistry
It's GangStarr shit, makin a livin see
We put it on and when it's war it's war
Sabotage'll have me dumpin the four *[gunshots richochet]*

[Premier scratching Guru samples]
"There ain't nobody to trust"
""It's like sabotage"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Rite Where U Stand"

(feat. Jadakiss)

"Wh-wh-wh-what can I say? Let me explain this to you..."

[GangStarr]
Yo, I don't even wanna fight with you man
I'll lay you right where you stand
You can catch a few shells
One go right through your polo, man
Usually I'm dolo and I gotta crazy team
Car kissed the ride on you, watch for the laserbeam
Shit, it's that Ol' G Flavor
Remind you of a quarter bodega and that oldie behavior
All point but I ain't tryna scuffle with chumps
My long joints got the culture power plus the double pump
Troublesome, to anyone who stands in the way
I'll stand and I'll spray, FUCK if ya man is in the way
Your girl want me cuz I do it better than you
The whole world wants me nigga, I'ma legend to you
Like LL, Rakim, Ice-T and them niggaz
Like Cube, Snoop and Dre, I'ma be seenin them figures
It don't matter, you don't have to be likin me man
Keep playin, you'll be layin there, right where you stand

[Chorus: Jadakiss]
Gun on my waist, knife in my hand
I keep tellin you cowards, I'ma leave you there right where you stand
I don't wanna talk and I ain't tryna wanna fight with ya man
Tryna get it over quick, leave you right where you stand
Some say I'm trifflin, sometimes I'm rightfully am
But I don't give a fuck, I'ma leave you right where you stand
You just mad, you will never be as nice as I am
D-Block, GangStarr leave you right where you stand, what

[Jadakiss]
You wanna know why I invest all my money into haze and into dope
Cuz right now, I'm currently a slave for Interscope
Respect first, then money - basic shit
If you got niggaz under pressure, you could take they shit
Listen, I'ma leave you right where you stand
Have the ambulance pass ya Timberlands off right to ya man
Cuz he pussy, he ain't gonna do nothin but look
When it come to beef, he don't wanna do nothing but cook
As soon as the chrome scope him, right there, two in the dome
Smokin, Kiss keep funeral homes open
I fall back, smoke an ounce in the dark
Bounce on a Preme track like I bounce on a NARC
Keep playin, y'all niggaz will burn

and you know they say it takes somethin to happen for niggaz to learn
Let the .40 Cal give em a perm
This industry is like bacteria and my flow is a germ
Just mad cuz you'll never be as nice as I am
J to the mwah and I'll leave you right where you stand, huh...

"You gangstas is cosmetic..."
"Keep playin, you'll be layin there, right where you stand..."
"My people from the hood stay on the grind..."
"D-Block, GangStarr leave you right where you stand, what..."
"You gangstas is cosmetic..."
"W-w-w-w-w-word..."

[GangStarr]
I see you got the fear of God in you
We'll tear your heart in two
Too bad you didn't know what you got into
Yeah, the most righteous, till Malcolm got a close likeness
My name carry weight to capitate most vipers
Hot rhymes, spit a dime, hit a case beater
Flow is angry like I'm in your face with heaters
Chasin divas - nah, I don't ever have to do that
P.I. till I die and I laugh at you cats
You happy perhaps cuz you got dough and bitches
But no love from streets only for moles and snitches
Only from the meatlapin, suckers won't see it happen
Cross that line, then it's time for the heat clappin
I do my thing like the whole planet depends on me
I got game to make Janet wanna spend on me
Some say I'm trifflin and sometimes I'm rightfully am
Getcha man, I'll lay him right where he stand

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Skills"

[Intro:]
Skills, skills, skills

[DJ Premier Scratching]
"My Microphone"
"It's Skills"-*[KRS One]*
"The funky beat"
"It's skills"-*[KRS One]*

[Chorus: Guru]
(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again
Watch as we do it again

[Verse 1: Guru]
It's the, true enliven with a youthful vengeance
And I'm a judge rap is your ass give you a crucial sentence
You need at least twelve jewels to practice
Your too enthusiastic male groupie bastard
Still tryin to convince us some more
Pretendin your raw that's what you need a minister for
Again it's the law got you up against the wall
We the gulliest fuck it then it's us against y'all
Mic skills type grills like I'm Michael Jill
Like when he write for the pill is how I stay for the ill
Slide off kid, and let a grown man finesse it
We bold and impressive that old manifest shit
Some new product from a known team
Niggas know me, and you can bet they know Preme
So here we go for your stereo
And you could tell that it's real when you hear me go hear me go

[Chorus: Guru]
(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again
Watch as we do it again

[Verse 2: Guru]
You little suckers know better, I go head up
If your man left the joint in the whip then tell him go get it
We hold it down like a holy crown
Fools actin like they know me throw me phoney pounds
Fuck that I'm sittin back like an aristocrat
Shell shocked chief assasin with a whole fuckin list of cats
Thought you was on the case but you missed the fact
The bitch talkin this and that I'm a make it simple jack
I doubled up and tripled that, soldiers where your pistols at?
Life wrong move lose the gift of that
Why they callin us the most consistent?
Most significant ("Once again"-Chuck D) some old slick shit
Fulfill your need and catch joyful rush
Enjoy your dutch haters annoyed with us
Oh boy it's us you know the face in the club
Blazin it up, with my niggas raisin it up for these

[Chorus: Guru]
(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again
Watch as we do it again

[Verse 3: Guru]
Btohers are amused by other brother's rep
Some niggas pull tecks catch others for checks
All for respect, all for the bread
For the chance of success they might hand him his head
Remain humble cause I know enough
Plus the road is tough especially when you roll with us
But I'm a stay with my peeps, stay in these streets
Rhyme sprayin and I'm playin for keeps cause I got those

[Chorus: Guru]
(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again
Watch as we do it again....(Skills)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Deadly Habitz"

[Guru]
Yeah, bout to talk about some serious shit
Deadly habits, you know everybody's got 'em
Just that some niggaz try to front, try to cover shit up
But fuck that, I be wylin sometimes - you know why?
Cause suckers be thinkin that shit is sweet
Niggaz be thinkin that rap niggaz ain't real, haha
Yeah well that's aight, that's aight
Let 'em think what they want

[Verse 1: Guru]
Yo I'm steady at it, them deadly habits
I pray for the best outcome son, but my dome's already shattered
By the shit that's occurred
Drivin home tipsy from the club, puffin herb, vision blurred
Thinkin bout them niggaz who caught the drop
Who I gotta stop, who he caught, and who still gotta get popped
Stash box, feelin like Fish in "King of New York"
Wifey do her thing for the God, she don't be bringin me pork
Cause there's enough deadly shit a brother be facin
Up in V.I.P., niggaz drinks they be lacin
Got a nigga sweatin pacin, not ready to fall the fuck up
But ready to pull out, and back 'em all the fuck out
And my guardian angel, is always there to protect
And my supreme nature, keeps all them savages in check
How the hell did everything get so twisted
They say be careful what you pray for, so I guess now it's this shit

[Chorus: Guru]
They will never know - what I do to get by
And them many times I almost died
They will never know - all the reasons why I flip
And now I gotta keep an extra clip
They will never know - what this stress is like
And why I'm on point, ready to fight
They will never know - all the pressure and pain
Don't give a fuck if they think less of me mayne

[Verse 2: Guru]
Deadly habits, they could be a number of things
Everybody got 'em, some people do ugly things
Excessive behaviour, it can get the best of you
Trust me, I'm a lot like the rest of you
I got issues, that haven't been resolved
You know like, money people owe me while they out havin a ball
(Mmm) Guess they too got deadly habits
Got me on a mission, to go and merk, each and every faggot

Manager's coked up, A&R's all doped up
Old school style, have 'em gagged up and roped up
Those deadly habits have me losin my cool
But yo the Son can't chill, so I'ma be abusin them fools
Pull the plug on 'em, pull the rug on 'em
Have 'em callin up, all their closest thug friends
Them niggaz can get it too
This GangStarr shit is too deep, to even get into
So fuck you!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Guru]
Fuck you wanna do, we way past 7:30
Be easy, too many brothers seem to go to heaven early
It's hell in these streets, but soon I'm on a hot streak
Who's in the hot seat, who had a felony beef
Yo I beat cases, with different attorneys
And I laughed at the racist DA's, who were wishin to burn me
My mom caught a heart attack, around the same time
News articles were published, around the same time
This depressed me more, but I stayed in tact
And that last corny chick I was with, she got played in fact
I know niggaz that did dumb time, and dumb crimes
I fuck with real niggaz, and never cowards with dumb minds
This country's got us in a fix
America, your deadly habits, got us all up in the mix
War without, war within, holy war, mortal sin
Tell me - huh, what's the origin?

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Nice Girl, Wrong Place"

(feat. Boy Big)

[Boy Big]
You're just a nice girl, in the wrong place
Just a nice nice girl girl, in the wrong place

[Guru]
What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?
You wanna take my chips, I wanna take you on trips
So you can help me, get my money
Go ahead, try it for me here's the story of my honey
I'm the Owner and I'll do more than bone you
Maybe help you advance, like Prince did Apollonia
You looking right I see you hooking tonight
But something about you, got me pushing up tight
Do that dance like Aphrodite cause you mighty
You might be the chick that make me trip just slightly
Ya eyes glisten, your breasts, ass and thighs is hittin
If it ain't love, then this thug is just smitten
I feel ya aura like I'm reading ya horo-
-scope, and I hope that I can see you tomorrow
Remembering your face like this, my Henney chase like this
What you doing in a place like this?

[Chorus: Boy Big]
You're just a nice girl, in the wrong place
And I think I'm diggin you in a major way
You're just a nice girl, in the wrong place
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Whatcha doin in a place like this?

[Guru]
What's a nice girl like you doing here like this?
Busting your heels like this, I know you feel like shit
And you feel like calling the quits, but you need that dough
Paying for school, I can see that yo
You're intelligent, similar to Angelo
I'm understanding you, I got big plans for you
Your whole awaistance got you going places
You chasing money, ain't no funny faces
You're/Your shit serious, niggaz is delirious
I like your little outfit, I like the way you're wearin it
You say your last man was too jealous
You're too young to settle down, girl I'll let you tell it
You're not a video chick, not a groupie bitch
Just an ambitious young woman with juicy lips
Remembering your face like this, my Henney chase like this
What you doing in a place like this

[Chorus]

[Guru]
What's a nice lady doing in place so shady?
Your innocent stare and derriere so crazy
Conversation stimulating, you witty
You got me debating on, taking you with me
I'm in the back drinking Yak, with you on my lap
Give me a dance cause, this is my track
You holdin it down for your whole fam
You wasn't happy with your last old man
Ma, you're doing things your way
You're making your own pay
Gotta have a business of your own one day
Hon it ain't nothing to it, I wanna see you do it
I'll tell you one thing, your last man blew it
A perfect blend of, beauty and brains
It's my duty to explain what you do to me and
Remembering your face like this, my Henney chase like this
What you doing in a place like this?

[Boy Big sings til end]
Now that I see that you be gettin ya money
You look prime time, I know you be gettin ya money
You look so fine, you've changed my mind
And all I wanna know is why, why?

Just a nice girl...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Peace Of Mine"

[DJ Premier]
Aiyyo, what the FUCK is this shit that y'all are listenin to
nowadays on the radio man? You call that shit hip-hop?
THAT'S SOME FAGGOT BITCH SHIT Y'ALL ARE LISTENIN TO!
All you DJ's are lettin the program directors handcuff you
and sit there and tell you how to mix?! YOU FUCKIN ROBOTS!
FUCK Y'ALL!!!

[Guru]
Real talk, serious thoughts
True and livin with a youthful vengeance, yo

[Primo:] "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"

[Guru]
At times I feel like my back's against the wall
And if y'all ain't with me, then it's me against y'all
I stand my ground, that's what I was taught
While others stand around, I hold it down like a fort
In the midst of war, I find peace within
Run, lock your doors, don't let the beast get in
The mind is a terrible thing to waste
I show love cause it's a terrible thing to hate
Of course I want money, but I won't compromise
Y'all don't realize, think I won't bomb you guys?
With the truth nigga, stop misleadin the youth nigga
Too many wakes and funerals, that's the proof nigga
Our hood's in danger, kids need guidance
You keep lyin, still the young keep dyin
As I walk through the valley I fear none, yes I'm the chairman
Here with my nigga Premier son
And we came to change the game
We represent the pain that's real talk, what's y'all claim to fame?
Rappers simply tracin flows and chasin hoes
Frontin mad hard, that shit's amazin yo
Producers makin Tinkerbell beats for them to rhyme on
Their ass if they get on the same stage that I'm on
Our shit be rugged, like the New York streets
Make the wrong move stupid then you lose your seat
Cats be buyin up SoundScans to beef up sales
Niggaz wanna crossover, wanna be upscale
Fuck that, that ain't hip-hop, that's somethin else
You're better off back on the ave doin somethin else
All you suckers claimin that you are, thug or gangsta
You disrespect the game by dry-snitchin you prankster
I thank y'all for makin more room for us, uhh
Ashes to dust you wonder who's to trust

My sense of self, and my mental health
is much more powerful, than any hint of wealth
A lot of niggaz get cash, and collect Mercedes
But neglect their ladies, and forget their babies
Then the chicks turn and act like dudes
Cause they reflect our light, so yo act right fool
And this is just a piece of my mind, a thesis of mine
I'ma make moves and I'ma leave you behind
At times I feel like my back's against the wall
And if y'all ain't with me, then it's me against y'all
I stand my ground, that's what I was taught
While others stand around, I hold it down like a fort
In the midst of war, I find peace within
Run, lock your doors, don't let the beast get in
The mind is a terrible thing to waste
I show love cause it's a terrible thing to hate

[Primo:] "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"
"My flow is like.." ".. as live as it gets"

[Primo:] "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"
[Primo:] "Trust me, I'm as live.."
"My flow is like.." ".. as live as it gets"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Who Got Gunz"

(feat. Fat Joe, M.O.P.)

[Fat Joe]
yeah uh, GangStarr
Crack Man, M.O.P. uh, BX, Brooknam, haha come on
living legends, ya heard me?
yeah uh yo uh

I got seven Mac 11's about eight .38
Nine nines, Mac 10's
man this shit never end
Even if the apple won't spin
I reach in my back pocket and blast you and his twin
Niggaz yellin out the window "Joe's at it again"
But this bastard's got lawyers, keep him outta the pen
I mean feds wanna knock me just cuz I'm cocky
An arrogant fuck, wave "Hi" when they watch me
Can't stop me everytime official
Better find my residuals or this nine gon' lift you
"He was a fine individual" what the papers scriptured
Had him on the front page in his graduation pictures
And they probably never hit you if you brought your glock
Me and my gat like Wilson, we all we got
We walk the scorchin blocks with the hawk on top
Even if the old ladies love to call the cops
I got guns

[Lil' Fame]
You got, he got, they got
M dot, O dot, P my nigga we got guns
Big ones, extra large heat
Humongous shit that won't fit up under your car seat
Pop in a heart beat
Keep the cannon in my reach
Lay you flat on your back like you was tannin on the beach
We keep them damn thangs full of hollows
And I'm from Christopher bitch, bang with the Wallace
Fit raw this nigga you ain't loco
You're buttocks big boy, your heart pumps Sunoco
Brownsville deep in my genes
I show you +bad boy+ for real, keep thinkin shit is +Peaches and Cream+
We'll run you down, MO-Ps hunt ya down
Gun ya down, guns sing like blaow
Raise up cock pot my biscuit for my nigga O.G. had quick shit
We got guns

[Hook]
We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)

Crazy ill, man rowdy
I gots it locked
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk, pop the lock
But only if you feel this shit
We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)
Crazy ill, man rowdy
I gots it locked
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk

[Guru]
Nowadays my priorities ain't based on fun
I'm tryna cop some more property and in case of them guns
Sick society's got Guru protectin his fam
Fuck Prudential, I got my own protection plan
Respect me man, I'm on a mission so to speak
You're too dumb to play your position so unique
I'll trade 'way your meat faggot vacate the streets
GangStarr, First Fam, and TS, we way deep
And even if you had a thought to move on us
Our fire power will devour, bitch you'll chew on dust
Slow death, no rep, hollows have you gaspin
You rich just for you, he got a lavish casket
Call us savage bastards usin all means necessary
It's only customary
It's you we got to bury
We'll dead your homo thug network
Head shots make your head jerk
My marks-men/man on the roof, he's an expert

[Billy Danze]
Who got a problem? It's already been established
I'll come through your town with a pound like a savage
Still throwin down on the grounds that I'm average
Can I hear for a gangster? YEAH NIGGA
It's always some shit but it's always a clip
to re-route your doubts and see what you about
Your homeboy's a snitch and your bossman's a bitch
We takin over these bricks (IS THAT SO?)
Doin underhanded shit, I'll shoot you in your abdomen
You fraud, you're movin like a broad with this faggot shit
And you deserve a hole
in the back of your motherfuckin head the doctor can't fix
on the concrete, we palm heat like soldiers
Spit one in your whip and flip your shit over
Keep in mind whatever the nine spit
It's only as good as the nigga behind it bitch
We got guns

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Capture (Malitia Pt. 3)"

(feat. Big Shug, Freddie Foxxx)

[DJ Premier]
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
"It's the real...it's the Militia"

[Big Shug]
First name vete-, last name -ran
I drop bombs hit you with the curse of ?Jevron?
Broken arms, shattered glasses, whipped asses
I advise you to tell us where the cash is
Itchy fingers cause nothing but gun fire
We disallow all these cats in the camp
We the champs, not really to boast and brag
Bustin' heads, body bags and toe tags
Black mags to blow your whole chest in half
If you don't know the equation then you can't do the math
I know you cram to understand the plan, but you too
Caught up in the rapture, front and we will capture
See men and strap ya, cock back and blast ya
Blow up your fuckin' house while we still lookin' at ya
Militia man...man part three

[DJ Premier]
"Put your money in the bank, and hold rank"
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"
"I push these lyrics through any emcee
[Freddie Foxxx] and make it burn (burn)"
"Put your money in the bank, and hold rank"
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"
[Freddie Foxxx] "It's the militia"

[Guru]
Just to feed the babies I'll infect you like rabies
With a lust for the gravy, you know the god must be crazy
I'm sick with it, I'm built with stilts for you midgets
While you fidget, you could get kill't for your digits
I'll creep on the low, keep it a secret yo
I swore an oath to dump on you, out the Jeep window
I don't care if you a geek or a thug, you sleepin' on us
And you could catch it, some royal heat from the snub
Since the streets is watchin' niggaz might see us often
We told you rap cats we would keep it poppin'
See all I got is a lot of bad news for y'all

You're gonna need more than a lot of tattoos on y'all
You got an army, you still ain't got no wins against us
You're gonna need more than doo rags and Timb's against us
And fuck your goons 'cause we always get what we're after
We bought you this book of torture, this one is Capture

[DJ Premier]
"Put your money in the bank, and hold rank"
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"
[Freddie Foxxx] "It's the militia"

[Freddie Foxxx]
There's one ripped out the frame, felony act
Everybody get the fuck up, welcome me back
I'm the unseen hand that controls 200 niggaz
Parked while on the street out of unseen vans
I'm the law of the land, the rawness of man
That'll show up on stage, puffin' on contraband
Capture, duct tape rapture, slapped ya
Served up my Venus and Serenas, cocked back
Clapped ya - to Internet emcees I'm virus
I'm a warrior, niggaz screamin' "Bumpy shot Cyrus"
I'm checked in to every hotel that you lay in
Niggaz come to my suite to pick up heat
Y'all know who wrote the bible in rap, for keepin it real
Y'all know who buck fifty your face, I'm keepin concealed
It's capture, get out the truck, I'm keepin' your wheels
You've ??, 'cause you've got a gun you never conceal
I leave my hardcore demeanor in every rap arena
And underground club that I play in
I spit raw verses that y'all ain't sayin'
'Cause your soul was bought for what they payin'
You wanna have Bumpy's heart you got to have Bumpy's chest
I'll bust right 'till I find just Bumpy left
I'll bust mics 'till I have just enough breath
To take your heart, it's thug grand death
CAPTURE!

Gang Starr Lyrics

"PLAYTAWIN"

[scratching by Premier]
"Y'all cats know we always play to win" -> Guru
"Players get your pay up"

[Verse 1: Guru]
For my respect, I just might have to shut you down
Hang your punk ass from a limb, they'll have to cut you down
See I'm tired of you faggots kickin dirt on my name
While you rap clone phonies only hurtin the game
I'm too persistant, plus I flow too vicious
Bout to expose you hoes, this shit is too twisted
Rappers be actin, like they rich or somethin
When they get robbed like a herb, that's what they get for frontin
I'm in the top ten, one of the best of all time
Been known to drop men - who CARES if the rest of y'all rhyme?
You're mediocre son, you're barely average kid
Your style's Chi-Chi, wanna see me crack yo' cabbage kid?
From the hood to the corporate, give up your goods and forfeit
This is George Foreman style, watch me cook this raw shit
More chips, watch us rake 'em in
And y'all cats know we always play to win

[scratching by Premier]
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Real.. rough rhymes"
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Players get your pay up"

[Verse 2: Guru]
I'm hot so they're feelin me, you're not so you're killin me
You're hatin on the low, tried to block my soliloquy
While you spread rumors, I'ma dead you junior
Have your mind blown, poundin your dome like head tumors
Family tradition when I'm randomly spittin
And girls love my voice, they say it's handsomely different
I never won awards, no Grammys and things
Back in the days did sticks, made niggaz hand me they rings
What goes around comes around, they tried me later
But I survived all the thugged out, grimey capers
My concepts caused more panic than bomb threats
Don't take me for granted because I'm calm and shit
Cause when I FLIP, I'ma take over the ship
Controllin this grip with one hand holdin my dick
And you try to counter but you're way too late again
See y'all cats know we always play to win

[scratching by Premier]

[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Real.. rough rhymes"
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Players.. players.. players get your pay up"

[Verse 3: Guru]
It's the God Universal, Ruler Universal
I'm still goin strong in this game, and you should learn to
R-E-S, P-E-C-T
Or you get fucked up, be-lieve you me
And I ain't the one to be, startin the violence
I'm just the one to be, sparkin in silence
For years I ran with some of the greatest men
And y'all cats know we always play to win

[scratching by Premier]
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Real.. rough rhymes"
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Y'all cats know we always play to win"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Riot Akt"

[DJ Premier scratches children laughing and yelling]

[Chorus: Guru]
Riot act, this is where we really prepare
Riot act, out here we show no fear
RIOT ACT, time to protect our communities
Riot act, real criminals get immunity
RIOT ACT, eye for an eye - so yo who want it?
RIOT ACT, rushin all you cowards who fronted
Riot act, let's bring the power to the people
RIOT ACT, no justice then we gotta come see you

[Verse 1: Guru]
Just like a thunderous gun clap, you wonder who done that
Put you under with one rap, me and the brothers have come back
We'll lash you for tryin that, we know you been lyin cat
So now you be lyin flat, we'll read you the riot act
Whassup you little fuck, get your life right
Cause there's too much goin in the world, and shit ain't quite right
See you're just addin to the problem
Young gun, high-strung, ready to trey-eight revolve 'em
Knot nearly in your waist, you step up in the place
Catch one off guard, he lookin silly in the face
But hear they come with the M-16's
They got teargas, helmets and clubs - knahmean?
It's martial law in these streets
It's like Afghanistan man, it's gettin raw in the streets
Still you demand your rights, I understand your plight
But do the knowledge if you plan to fight

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]
So realize what it is to be oppressed and afflicted
Subjected to sick shit, knowin others live different
FUCK THAT, the streets about to blow again
They forgot, so we gotta let 'em know again
Huh, we'll blast you for tryin that, we know you been lyin cat
So now you be lyin flat, we'll read you the riot act
Soldiers, let's show these cowards what's up
The hood ain't goin for it, let's get ours, that's what's up
Be sure to keep a balance to your fight
And do the math, figure how to use your talents in a fight
Ain't nuttin worse than a rebel without a cause
Ain't nuttin worse than a people without laws
200 million square miles under attack
Reperations for us blacks, hell yeah, they need to come with that

Who's gonna take the weight, and erase the hate
All I know is when we come through, better make some space

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Guru]
A lot of people ain't happy you can tell by their ways
It's growin tense okay, I can smell it today
Tenement buildings house the next killers
While rich diplomats, are purchasin their next villas
But for the scrilla and power, uhh
They'll send some killers to their hood, that are iller than ours
Still niggaz settle beef, with the metal piece
And every block stays hot, like the devil's feet
Incarceration of the mind, police brutality and poverty
These are realities of mankind
And we can't win nigga, if we keep shuckin and jivin
In a minute, they gon' have us duckin and divin
They got bullets for us *[automatic fire]* yeah, uh-huh
They got jail cells and graveyards, they the bullies, not us
We'll blast you for tryin that, we know you been lyin cat
So now you be lyin flat, cause this is the riot act

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"(Hiney)"

(feat. Panch)

Nah you know what we gotta do? We gotta do - HINEY!
The bitch said, "Panch stand behind me
And put that monster in my hiney," HI-NEY!
My dick about killin, never been about game
When there wasn't pussy, there was always my haind
Nine and a half-'ll get you in a dame
Anything less is just a GOD DAMN SHAME!
Check my balls, my shit got blue wrinkles on the face
.. for them bitches who had the nerve to put me out they place
In they HINEY
The bitch said, "Panch stand behind me
And put that monster in my hiney," HI-NEY!
I come through your block, with that one-eye whistle
One hand on the whistle
One.. one-eyed monster hit you
Make it slick, BITCH, my dick game's OFFICIAL!
Lose your weight and, I don't leave you waitin
The world is earthquakin
My balls got yo' ass shakin - it's hiney jack!
UH-OH! HINEY!
The bitch said, "Panch stand behind me
And put that monster in my hiney," HI-NEY!

[imitating the beat] When I bust a nut, it say
[imitating the beat] On her HINEY!

[laughter and applause]

(That's some brilliant shiznit, yo! Aiyyo!)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Same Team, No Games"

(feat. H. Staxx, NYG'z)

[NYG'z]
Yo, do the knowledge to the master build the blow and the spliff
The new millennium, hide them a beef
Gotta watch what I say to you niggaz so I calm my patience
'Cause the shit ain't really pass the statue of limitations
The streets still holler about how strong I am
Niggaz I hurt still holler about how wrong I am
As a little nigger broke, thinking soda and coke
Had me amazed how my steady hand kept in the flow
Let it sit, cool and heart lit, hit the set cool and heartless
In front of the store projects, as long as I made a profit
I see you eyeing me, you fire escape diary
Filled with pages of episodes and shying me
Nonbeliever I hammer for hire
Hit yo ass so hard that your coke will catch fire
Dog the stakes are dyer, I'm no liar
Hold the court and the street beef cause I got pride

[H. Staxx]
Same team no games, these chicks I blow brains
Rap-a-lot soul train the corners rocking cocaine
Got no shame
Trying to blow these figures
Headquarters gone he ain't left he still with us
Not in the physical through us he live
I can seen him with Big L, Pun, Pac and BIG
Watching over the kid like dear shed the waist over
And yelling “Ether”, “Blowout” and “Takeover”
I'm the truth; give you proof and your video shoot
Pull them candors on you while them cameras on you
How you love that
Don't want to blow with Staxx
So go ahead dumb up, make me car crumb up
“It's the Militia”
Yall niggaz don't know about I
Got me heated, frustrated about to blow my high
Me and Benz blazing, Rave got the gauge raising
Sick of talking about it, niggaz ain't on my weight lift

[NYG'z]
Whenever we stand together, down for whatever
Divided we get at you from more angles
Gangstarr forbid, NYG's same team no games
Love is love fame one in the same
Corny style, niggers act strange going against the grain
Don't want to see us on top of our thing, we adapt to change

Fame, fortune and material game, flow natural unrestrained
Let me explain, niggers don't get it until you set it to flame
Subject them to pain, make them respect
The name, the set you rep, connects you get
Stay ready to bang
Steps ahead of competitors that'll test your aim
H. Staxx shoot back splat dang your brain
My foundation bust gats spread there's your brain
Fuck with mine, spat not take the blame
Play it for keeps, we came to win

[Guru]
YO, I'm the Jerry Rice to this, much too nice to quit
And just so you know, we never liked you kid
Since you ain't wanna let niggers eat
I'm gonna convene with my team before
We gotta let the trigger speak
'Cause nowadays yall rappers are carbon
Copies paws are sloppy, still its hard to stop me
Especially when I connect with my man, rep for my fam
We taking back the rest of our land
And we don't really care if they say you are the shit
They playing your hits
We about to make our way in this biz
And let's see if the gimmick last until the next season
In a flash, take your stupid ass out, give me the next reason
Flip for my peoples here, spit for my peoples here
Yeah... time to get rich with my peoples here
Cut of a snake's head, then we break bread
Same team, no games
You underground trying to fake dead

[scratching by DJ Premier repeats]
Let, let, let the games begin

Gang Starr Lyrics

"In This Life..."

(feat. Snoop Dogg, Uncle Reo)

[all (sung parts) in Chorus performed by Uncle Reo]

[DJ Premier]
Word up
Aiyyo Rome' (yo)
Yo life ain't what it's cracked up to be these days, y'knahmean?

[Rome]
Word! Knahmsayin?
Life hard out this muh'fucker, y'knahmsayin?

[DJ Premier]
So you gotta make the best of a bad situation, and hold your head

[Rome]
Knahmsayin? You gotta progress through the struggle man

[Chorus]
[Guru] In this life.. (ohhh, this life)
[DJ P] "You better wake up"
[Guru] In this life.. (talkin bout this life)
[DJ P] "R-R-Remember this"
[Guru] In this life.. (whoah-ohhh)
[DJ P] [Nas] "S-S-Survival of the fittest"
[Guru] In this life..
[DJ P] "I go all out" - "Y'knahmsayin?"

[Verse 1: Guru]
From New York to Cali it remains the same
Bitch niggaz always wanna go against the grain
The strong will survive, the weak shall perish
Y'all need more courage, I keep y'all nourished
Get in line, I let you know right now
You need to slow right down or you get blown right now
From what I see it's systematic how we push to addicts
Demographics make the street life hell or drastic
In the hood we see oppressive genocide
Cause if it's on it's on, you know at least 10 men'll ride
But on the other side, corruption runs deep
I'm aware of the conspiricies, discussion is brief
They're building more prisons, spendin less on schools
On the block Smith & Wess-ons and Teflons rule
It's hard to escape it, certain laws are sacred
In this life my nigga, it's mad hard to make it

[Chorus]

[Guru] In this life..
[Dogg] Money is key
[Dogg] And everybody you see ain't what they claim to be
[Guru] In this life..
[Dogg] I try to do right
[Dogg] I live a treacherous life, I know I ain't right, mm
[Guru] In this life..
[Dogg] You got to keep on
[Dogg] You got to be strong, you got to hold on
[Guru] In this life, heh, I come in peace
[Guru] But still yo, I come from the streets

[Verse 2: Snoop Dogg]
This one's for my sons and my lil' daughter
Peace to JMJ and my nigga Headquarters
A (GangStarr) with a gangster, on a mission
World (Premier), limited edition
My mind keeps driftin cause I haven't had a spliff in
a long time, I'm doin fine, I feel teriffic
I bop up the street, C-walk to the beat
It's cold outdoors, so I got to keep some heat
I never know when a cutthroat gon' try to test me
Disrespect me, things could get messy
Yes he, shoot a good game, like James
I mean Jesse, watch out nigga, heavens to Betsies
The big drum beater
With a car full of heaters and some fly senoritas
In some Stacy's or some Chucks, cause I gotsta keep it G'd up
Run up on the Dogg man you bound to get beat up

[Chorus]
[Guru] In this life.. (ohhh, this life, I'm tryin to make it better)
[DJ P] "You better wake up"
[Guru] In this life.. (I won't have to struggle no mo', no I won't)
[DJ P] "R-R-Remember this"
[Guru] In this life.. (ohhh, this life, this life)
[DJ P] *[Nas]* "S-S-Survival of the fittest"
[Guru] In this life.. (tryin to make it better, yes I am)

[Outro: Uncle Reo]
Oooooohhh, talkin bout this life
WhoahhhOHHHHHHHHHH, this life, this life.. *[fades out]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Ownerz"

[DJ Premier]
"One-two.."
"One-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two.." "The maker, owner!"
"Come on, now come on"

[Verse 1: Guru]
Got you quiddear and ski-dared, fearin what we might do
And you can give me all mine in cash, that will suffice dude
In the streets deep, we roll through the city
Looks like it's time to eat, so yo who's with me?
Strictly, we keep it in the best perspective
Cause nowadays it's more than simply live and let live
A sedative, that's what these headcases need
Them rats'll get trapped soon as they taste the cheese
Black M. Casey fan, just pay us and scram
Watch us drop a new supply to up the daily demand
Phony critics wanna retract shit, once I spit again
And since we didn't finish the job, you gettin hit again

[DJ Premier]
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two" "The maker, owner!"
"Come on, now come on"

[Verse 2: Guru]
You fuck, you didn't listen when I told you before
When it comes to dope tracks, we be holdin the raw
Do somethin stupid, and you'll be left holdin your jaw
Put you punks on blast for not knowin the law
Don't deny yourself, learn to apply yourself
Or end up by yourself, I multiply the wealth
I got the titles, deeds, licenses and policies
Complete ownership, Don Gurizzu they call me
Primo said that we should just, lock it all down
See the bigger picture, so we can profit all around
Now everybody's ridin the dick, once I spit again
And since we didn't finish the job, you gettin hit again

[DJ Premier]
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two, one-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two" "The maker, owner!"

"Come on, now come on"

[Verse 3: Guru]
I be the owner of this style, owner of this talk, owner of this art
Peep the gully way that I walk
Many say that I rock, others hate but they jock
Now we racin the clock, po-po casin the spot
Call me greedy cause I feel like takin a lot
Vindication, cause they be fabricatin a lot
From Cali to Canarsie, penthouse to the lobby
Roxbury to NC, Century Club to envy
Bout to take over the action, you know it's bout to happen
Cause our shit be hittin, and yours is plain ol'fashioned
I had no choice, but to spit again
GangStarr motherfucker, and you just got hit again

[DJ Premier]
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two, one-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two" "The maker, owner!"
"Come on, now come on"

"Come on, now come on"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Zonin'"

[Inhaling and coughing]
[Premier] Yo, you alright man? .. You zonin?
[scratched:] "I.. I speak that.."
[Premier] what's the deal?
[scratched:] "I speak that re-real shit, just listen"

[Verse 1: Guru]
Yo I pop your lid, I got to live
I ain't tall but I can show y'all what a problem is
I like to zone, I'm nice with chrome
I keep a vast stash of Magnums cause I like to bone
I play the game, I stay the same
But I can switch styles, pick files, I'm like gravy train
Shot the witness, got the bitches
Still in the streets with my heat about to shock the business
I handle biz, I cancel kids
Just like Allen I'ma show 'em what "The Answer" is
I'm after props, I spaz a lot
And yo I'm deadin all the bullshit 'til my casket drops
You know me boy, you owe me boy
You wanna end up in my trunk dyin slowly boy?
I'm confident, I'm on some shit
Cause I been knowin already you was on the dick
I'm zonin

[Chorus x2: DJ Premier scratching]
"Down with the Foundation"
[Guru] "Step into my zone, mad rhymes'll stifle ya"
[DMX] "No time for games cause I'm, all grown up"
"I speak that re-real shit, just listen"

[Verse 2: Guru]
It's conspiracy, you hearin me? That's why I get love
And still got others fearin me
You never know, who's next to blow
And since it's me, I'ma stash me some extra dough
Got extra flow, chicks give me sex and dough
Need I, mention P.I. player let me know
I'm down with dis, I founded this
So you should recognize the true authentic sound of this
The golden voice, holdin toys
But not playin, Guru and Preem', we like the golden boys
The chain and star, I'm angry pah
Cause you fucks ain't wanna give us what we aimin for
You stupid son, I shoot my gun
From the heart fool, you know that's where this music from
Protect your dome, respect the throne

This is Guru and Premier, and you can bet it's on
I'm zonin

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Eulogy"

[Child's voice]
"word up kid!"

[Premier]
Yeah L.B., Bryan Moier
I miss you man rest in peace
To Endeara Bishop
Rest in peace little lady
To Claira Stewart
I love you Aunt Ploute
To the coffe boy Arden Franklin
Rest in peace Res
My nigga Headquarters
Head up eyes and ears open
Word is bond!
Jam Master J, Big L
Big Lee, Flamboyant for life
Aaliyah, Mad Mark
Boogie down Bronx
P. O., Left Eye

[Guru]
The emotions that one goes thourgh, over a loss of a loved one
Or friend then, knowing the cost of rebuilding and carrying on
It gets so damn hard in this modern day Babylon
And disease runs rampant, so many men carry arm
So many have a lonely painful road to travel on
Mothers losing sons, improper use of guns
Children go astray because their parents were abusive ones
I used to run with the illest guys
Thourgh the realest eyes
I seen the realest and the illest die
The cycle continues, so many times the good ones
The young ones
So many misunderstood ones
Remembering their faces and voices
And when the wise man said
Life is full of choices
Some get caught up, others are innocent victims
All I know is they were close to us, and that we miss them

I'm not sure about any of these names

[Premier]
Easy E , Big Pun
Lil Bro, East New York
Dorothy Clark, Sydney Clark Junior "Rest in peace"

Clarence Elam, Charles Elam
Omar Pitts, D. J. Threat
Big Mellow, D. J. Screw
Aunt Nettie "Rest in peace"
Uncle Frank, Harold Guy
Poetic, Gravediggaz
Fred Jordan, Ted Dimmy
G. B. Greg Box "Rest in peace"
Taheim Cambell
Watch over your big brother
Bumpy Knucks
Yeah!
Harry Stricklin, Merla Santana "Rest in peace"
Rod Roshodm, Gerald Wichard
Huey Beckam, Marie Clem
Tony Malvow, Paula Crutchfield
Ann Cambell "Rest in peace"
Reverand Van Johnson, Coach Hoover Wright
Valerie Wilson, Ura Wilson
Jacob Boier, Weldon Irvine "Rest in peace"
Yeah! Hoover Carden
Corey Stringer, Malik Sealy
Boostin Kev, Edward Star
Nina Simone, Ann Jones "Rest in peace"

GANGSTARR

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Sure Shot (Intro)"

Woo, yo, everybody, let me hear you say
"Yo, a-Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot"
(What?) "And it's like that" (What? What?)
A-Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that
A-Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that
One more time
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit

(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit

Yeah, you know what fuckin' time it is
Gang Starr duelin' again, rulin' again, watch as we do it again

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Lights Out"

(feat. M.O.P)

Yeah
Gang Starr, M.O.P.
Either ride or be quiet
What we gon' do? (Gon' do), motherfucker

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all
Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all (Yo, yo)

Yo, ever since a shorty I was hard-headed and angry
And mad complex and wouldn't let nobody change me
I'm still the same me, gettin' pussy, stayin' weeded
These bitches are starstruck, so fuck the way they gettin' treated
I don't need it, if her head ain't right I pass on it
While you trick sucka niggas be wastin' cash on it
And you don't want it, when the fight starts, you always runnin'
Against me, son, you know the outcome, ya always done
Rhymes jog ya mental like ya pop dukes smacked ya
You need to join SAG (Why?) 'cause you're a hell of an actor (Hahahaha)
After you notice what happened it'll be too late
Can't blame no one but yourself for mistakes you make
And some of y'all niggas are like circus monkeys
Livin' life like worthless junkies
Plottin' against your fellow man, helpin' out the devil's plan
Damn, why can't I trust my own people?
Fuck it, enemies must perish in the valley of their own evil

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all
Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all (Yo)

Yo, a wise man once said, "Fuck what a wise man said"
Bitch, gimme that bag otherwise y'all dead
Clap on (Blaow, blaow), I can ride right now
Leave you paralyzed from your eyebrows down
I got two parts of my brain, fuck your life on my right

Ain't nothin' left on my left, ain't nothin' right
(I pull up) The kid scope 'em out, I'll thrush ya
For the bread I'll leave ya head smokin' like a muffler
Sick bars, bitch, what up?
I spit SARS, you spit nut up
Bitch, shut up, it's in my bone marrow
Marked for death, I don't even trust my own shadow
When they can't touch who you become
They'll try to dig up who you used to be (Ahh)
Tell them niggas get used to me (Come on)
You can't go back and change the beginnin'
But I'ma start where I'm at and change the endin'

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all
Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all

I do it like I do it 'cause it ain't about the music
Ain't about gettin' through it 'cause I'm already proven
You niggas see me cruisin', nigga, I will lose it
I get on my bully shit, fuck up a nigga movin'
Now fuck who ya crew is, fuck what the true is
Gang Starr forever, fuck what the new is
Lil' nigga turned diamonds to ruins
Ball with your RuPaul influence
Shorty askin', "Who you is?"
Forgettin' I'm praised where a few is
Overlookin' OG engraved on the Buick
Before they let me out the cage for the music
I helped you niggas see exactly who John Woo is (Woo)
Now, nigga, who you is? You overpaid, bitch-made, glitch-made
You headin' for the roof when ya shit fade (Hahaha)
With no substance, ho shit by the abundance
Your catalog sound the same, you got one hit

Lights out (Lights out)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Bad Name"

I hate tellin' good people bad news
I hate, I hate
I hate tellin' good people bad news

Word To God if Big and Pac were still here
Some of these weirdos wouldn't act so cavalier
We all know that the game has changed
It's crazy out here rap's got a bad name
Think about it, what if bling never happened
And the true artist's were gettin' rich from rappin'?
Word to God sum'n should give
Let's delete the politics so real Hip Hop can live

Beef is what's up now, careers are gettin' shut down
The media wants something meaty
People are fuckin' greedy
Music and culture's like a foreign language
You'd be better off staging a fake beef in Spanglish
Compadre, can you handle the whole weight?
Adios mios watch 'em swallow your whole plate
You used to support your fam offa this
Now you can't even buy Spam offa this
And I don't deal with swine
I ain't Dr. Phil, I truly help you heal your mind
Nowadays it's like everybody's losin' it
Instead of them preserving this gift they're all abusing it
It's mad drama, they want us reachin' with the Limas
Causin' hysteria, the new Hip Hop criteria
And they forgot about the blood, sweat and tears
Now we see the results of all the blunts, chicks and beers

Word To God if Big and Pac were still here
Some of these weirdos wouldn't act so cavalier
We all know that the game has changed
It's crazy out here rap's got a bad name
Think about it, want if bling never happened
And the true artist's were gettin' rich from rappin'?
Word to God sum'n should give
Let's delete the politics so real Hip Hop can live

I hate tellin' good people bad news
I hate, I hate tellin' good people bad news
I hate tellin' good people bad news

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Hit Man"

(feat. Q-Tip)

The hit man
Power is so greedy
That's for real
Ain't about a whole lotta talk
It's about, bringin' figures

He got the eye and the heart to do it, yeah
From the roof, with the scoped, there's a whole lot to it
Ain't no emotion when he pulls the trigger
Breathe second of silence, then you see what he do to niggas
Pistols, rifles, grenades, whatever
He's a killin' machine, bought and paid for on pleasure
And way iller than the last nigga
Smoke a nigga in the club, and then dance right past niggas
Once in a while, there'll be one who'll stand out
Who's more than psycho, who'll take any man out
With a certian passion for sendin' bullets blastin'
A certain fashion to the way this nigga wax 'em
And this assassin gets mad satisfaction from puttin' all this worthless scum out of action
I sense some pride in his skill
Looks in the mirror and salutes before he rides for the kill

You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo
Or I do it lawn mower style, rrt
You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring
I got potatoes and the mufflers in the whole thing
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo

Buckin' at niggas wigs while he's puffin' on cigs
Lay him down, then he bounce out of town to another gig
It ain't nothin', he don't need many friends
Funded different type of weapons, he got plenty of them
If you pass him on the street, or see him in his spot
He's always calm, cool, collected, very rarely is he not
Hit man, with ice in his veins
Does the job so precise, they up the price with his name
Shadowy figure, never too loose with the lip
.44 long in his clip, deuce-deuce on his hip
Baby nine in his boots and his trunk is full
This niggas on some shit and can't be fucked with, fool
In the grimy world of highly-paid hustlers
First they get goons to muscle ya, then get him to touch ya
You wouldn't wanna get in his way, nor his associates

Or a tombstone bearin' your name would be appropriate

You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo
Or I do it lawn mower style, rrt
You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring
I got potatoes and the mufflers in the whole thing
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo

Gang Starr Lyrics

"What's Real"

(feat. Group Home & Royce da 5'9")

What's real?
("The real question is...") What's real?
("Try your best to diagnose...") What's real
("People all around, you got to recognize and witness")

I got soldiers that'll turn shit out, burn shit out
Do I come correctly when it's my turn? No doubt
I twisted trees in the cold with one hand wipin' my nose
Girls say that I'm fly 'cause they be likin' my clothes
But the clothes or the money can't make the man
When I apply my vicious grip, you can't take it, man
Face it and understand, there are no winnings for you
What I'm beginnin' to do, is bring an endin' to you and your crew
I sip a brew and at the same time drink the life out of you
I righteously come through, created in the likeness of who?
G-O-D, can sell a half a line for a G
Check ballistics, you won't be takin' mine from me
Oh boy, you p-noid, heard my lightnin' and thunder
Not Thor but frightening, type of stress I've been under
I'm the one-eyed Jack, I'm here to smack you back
In '83, I seen stacks, run your kicks, take a flick and act

(What's real?) Certified street poetry
In the game a long time, so you know it's me, nigga
(What's real?) Gang Starr, muthafucka, we live
All you fake niggas run and hide, we wanna know
(What's real?) It's Lil Dap in the place to be
We livin' proof, supa star, you see, we wanna know
(What's real?) The Foundation, yo, we presidential
Y'all ain't built for what we been through

Underground, I might as well record in the sewer
Notorious lord of the war, tourin' Aruba
Before I was crawlin' I'd warn you and show you the Ruger
I'ma shoot four through your fedora, destroy your medulla
I could get these niggas X'd, quick as sendin' a text
For disrespect, shit'll be simple as orderin' an Uber
I don't know what's quicker to change, them figures or fame
But I guarantee you don't nothin' move more than the moolah
All these rappers really cut out to do is squash the beef and dip
Y'all need to cut out the diva shit
Every time a nigga like Fever Nina come out the dealership
The streets hear the sound of that Preem droppin' the needle skip
Like Kane walkin' in "The Symphony"
Abel is my brother who all he offers is infamy
I bust Magnums, either strategize or duck faster

I send his whole group home like Melachi the Nutcracker
Preem blowin' weed, he a master on the courts
I'm a student with the rap that's spewin' passion on the chorus
While the smoke is in the air, feel like voodoo's on the floor
'Cause we got the actual ashes of Guru on the boards
He's sittin' right inside an urn in the session
Lookin' down from Heaven to Gang Starr's current regression
Earnin' successes, his legacy get treated like four themes
Movin' forward then let his children eat off the proceeds

(What's real?) Certified street poetry
In the game a long time, so you know it's me, nigga
(What's real?) Gang Starr, muthafucka, we live
All you fake niggas run and hide, we wanna know
(What's real?) It's Lil Dap in the place to be
We livin' proof, supa star, you see, we wanna know
(What's real?) The Foundation, yo, we presidential
Y'all ain't built for what we been through
(What's real?)

("Gang Starr, boy, and that's beyond your comprehension")

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Keith Casim Elam (Interlude)"

My name is Keith Casim Elam
And Guru is my father
The late king who provided lyrical slaughter
And he's still here
Shinin' down upon us
One of the best yet

Gang Starr Lyrics

"From A Distance"

(feat. Jeru the Damaja)

It's King Equality with lines cocked back to add on
Word to everything, that's what I put that on
Yo, I sat on the sidelines, watched you foolish men
Fake hooligans, now it's time for us to duel again
Yeah, it's me, takin' you savages to school again
I rule again, women are preparin' my food again
I'm like the imperial bandit, stackin' my loot again
Ancient warrior, street fighter, contemporary
Intelligent comrade, enemies I've been sent to bury
You see me at seminars, clubs and bars
I own this shit, rollin' with gangsters, thugs with scars
You see me from a distance, tryin' to analyze the righteous
Caught a scandal and a crisis from this vandalous psychic
Government name Keith Elam, put in work per diem
Still a fly-ass nigga, a magnetic human being
B-A-L-D-head to the Slick, I'm wettin' 'em quick

("You are now rockin' with the best")
("Gang Starr")
("The God Universal Ruler Universal")
("I came to give you exactly what you asked for here")
("You are now rockin' with the best")
("Gang Starr")
("The God Universal Ruler Universal")
("Doin' a whole lot up in these streets")

Well, it's the Justice Equality Ruler Universal
Carefree, sun see, light speed react nuclear thermal
Three-hundred-sixty degrees, we comin' full circle
Open the portal, now you witness God's immortal verbals
Shinin' light infinitely like the cosmosis
Modern science would define this rhyme as osmosis
Go through your faction or sect, we're laser beam focused
You see, if rap was a crime, we'd be on Wanted posters
Keith, we kinda like the team that killed the White Lotus
My feet firm in the ground and Guru on my shoulders
Deep concentration is the formulation at begin
Poison pen, maestro chop the violin
I try to stop but my mind keep firin'
Try to advance, you hear them ambulance sirens
You ain't get it? Here's the summation
Nigga, fuck what you heard, it's Gang Starr Foundation

("You are now rockin' with the best")
("Gang Starr")
("The God Universal Ruler Universal")

("I came to give you exactly what you asked for here")
("You are now rockin' with the best")
("Gang Starr")
("The God Universal Ruler Universal")
("Doin' a whole lot up in these streets")

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Family And Loyalty"

(feat. J. Cole)

Like a freshly cut diamond
Like a freshly cut diamond

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Word up, diamonds
(Like a freshly cut diamond)

Diamonds are forever like friends that'll kill for you
Went up in a jewelry store, burglary, steal for you
Bill with you, split the diamond into ice blue
Thrice he tried to disrespect our kinship, I don't like you
And now you axed out the fam'
But I'm cashin' checks, with Premier on this jam
Robin Leach, interviews on the beach
When we shake hands, nothin' but ice on the reach, and I teach
Like the Rap Reverend Ike without the perm', I preach
There's more you need to learn, I return for my streets
Gainin' my wealth, trainin' myself
For corny confrontation with haters who be playin' themselves
Diamonds, I like my world of rap
Your rhymin', hah, it's like a world of crap
And a diamond is like a fly-ass girl that's strapped
And you can't beat that with a bat

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought (Yeah)
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Word up, diamonds

Diamonds (Diamonds), diamonds (Diamonds), yeah
Pick up the pen, write down a sin, it's cleanse
Lay that shit down, play it for friends
Make a few M's, then do it again
J. Cole, who'd've thought you would've been rhymin' with Ghost

Guru flows forever like a diamond
The most could never afford the precious jewels
That's precisely why I'm blessin' you with clear-cut messages
I'm destined to invest in urban sections where depression rules
I hope to heal the destitute before I leave this vestibule
Between the heavens and the seven circles
Where some dead homies maybe rest, I plan to resurrect a few
I press the truth against the neck of devils
Look at the youth just like a precious pebble
Meant to be protected, mentally we let this
Poison of Western philosophy make us sloppy
We forgot we are the chosen
From hip-hop to astronomy, they copy what we showed them
Niggas be talkin' slick, but only try me over modems
In person they starstruck, they hearts flutter
I'm like the realest one you ever met
If you don't feel this one, give it a sec'
Go live a little, let the years pass
Experience pain, watch the tears crash on to the floor
Hurt brings wisdom
Wisdom brings a whole 'nother sort of understandin'
Diamonds only worth what we demandin', uh, uh
And niggas payin' top-dollar
Once upon a time I paid a 100 for mine, now I'm a lot smarter

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought

I rock diamonds that cut glass out of window panes
Baldhead Slick blazing tracks when the indo's flame
Rocks that bling, rocks that make them jock my team
Rocks that shine, rocks that keep my hand on my nine
Rocks that blind, make the High Rocks drop down
One of a kind, niggas best jet from the spot when I cock mine
Diamonds are like your man you always call fam'
Diamonds are like your grandma you always call ma'am
Diamonds are like having the whole world in your hand
Diamonds are like the shows I ripped with no band
Rockin' your knot, stoppin' your plot
It's me, Baldhead Slick Duke, coppin' your block
For you it's only pain, for me it's only gain
Diamonds are like loyalty, iced out like royalty
Diamonds are like my wifey, so sweet the way she spoils me
(So good)

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"

Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Word up, diamonds
(Like a freshly cut diamond)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Get Together"

(feat. Ne-Yo & Nitty Scott)

Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-c'mon, uh-c'mon
Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-c'mon, uh-c'mon
Uh-cuh-cuh-cuh, cuh-cuh-c'mon, cuh-c'mon
C'mon, c'mon
All or nothing, while I'm in this
C'mon, c'mon

It's me El Grande, or call me Papi Chulito
Yo tengo mucho lovin' for you mamis if you legal
For honeys, nothing equal to the way I tap that spot
Get your cat hot, guess what? You hit the jackpot
Candle-light dinners for you winners, huh
See like I'm like Don Juan, hit me sweetie, I get in ya
Sugar, I'mma put y'a in a beautiful mood
Forget about that lame, he ain't a suitable dude
Word up, I'm the one you like to talk to
You'll find my conversation so enlightening that you sparkle
Hoy ya ven aquí, so I can hold you tight, mold you right
Listen girl, I got more game than Dolemite
It's only right, baby, that we blend together
You'll be wanting me to be your friend forever
And ain't it clever boo, how I got you sprung?
So when I holler yo, you know you gotta come

Dame little mami, ven aquí
(Dame, dame, dame, dame)
I'm sorry, that's as far as my Spanish goes
Several words, like "si"
Because I like what I see (I like what I see, yeah)
I was thinkin' we should get together on the low
You and me

What that chulo? You lookin' at my kulo?
Said you got that prosciutto, but I won't call you my boo though
I'm too cool yo, they call me la negrita for real
And it's really nice to meet you, heard you like a big deal
So what it do? You checkin' for me twice in a blue
Shit I spit too, bet I'm probably nicer than you
I mean let's talk about it
Start with a G through the park and have a walk about it
Like what's your favorite color?
Why you wanna be my lover? Tell me, how's ya' mother?
Could you meet me up town when I'm thinkin' of ya'
No time for another sucker, let him ring the buzzer
I'm sippin' honey, dippin' sundress in the summer
Jiggy mami right, droppin' niggas like mics

Plus I've never been the type to fall in love with the hype
Eatin' my rice, hit 'em with the dímelo papi
Got a thing for baggin' bapis in my beef & broccoli, what

Dame little mami, ven aquí
(Dame, dame, dame, dame)
I'm sorry, that's as far as my Spanish goes
Several words, like "si"
Because I like what I see (I like what I see, yeah)
I was thinkin' we should get together on the low
You and me

(Uh, uh-c'mon)
Let's get together baby, ah, ah
Let's get together baby, ah, ah
Let's get together baby, ah, ah, ah
Oh, ah, ah, yeah
Let's get together baby, ah, ah
Let's get together baby, ah-ah-ah-ah
Let's get together baby, ah, ah, ah, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
(Uh, uh, uh-c'mon)
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Oh, oh
(Uh, uh-c'mon, uh-c'mon)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"NYGz/GS 183rd (Interlude)"

It's crazy, right?
Listen, listen, listen, I'm from New York City, right?
I'm from the five boroughs
It's the fact—listen, when I was a little nigga growing up
When I met this nigga, him and Guru, right? (Mmm-hmm)
It probably—what was that, '87, '88? ('88)
'88, I was 16, 17 years old
I was gettin' money in Baltimore, I'm from the Bronx (Okay)
So, I respected niggas from outta town coming to another town tryin' to get money (A'ight)
Feel me? So that's what clicked me with Gang Starr
I thought Guru, God bless him, was my little man
That nigga was ten years older than me
I'm from outside (Okay)
And I thought that, you know
I come from the era where rappers wasn't really, uh, admired the way they are now
You feel me? (Right) Them niggas was entertainers to us (Mmm-hmm)
We was fuckin' with niggas who threw stones at the penitentiary (Right)
Alright, so, when I got with Gang Starr, it was like
"Yo, I like these niggas, they from outta town, they came here to get money
And they doing they thing, I fuck with them"
Then when they blew, it was, "Ah, that's dope, they blew
These niggas is legends"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"So Many Rappers"

So many rappers have come and gone
I guess this rap game has really done them wrong
So many rappers tryin' to get their name out
Many got caught up for just havin' their chain out
So many rappers couldn't handle showbiz
While I'm steady rockin', so you know what it is
So many rappers made this their dream
Then quickly, most have disappeared from the scene

So many one-hit wonders, it's like a spin of the wheel
You know I stay consistent and get it in for real
So many rappers wanna rock like this
But they got no stamina and they don't talk like this
Plus I've learned to avoid the traps
I truly love this shit, that's word to MTV Raps
They'll get their little run and have a little fun
Some'll go for popularity, to a little, then to none
Some'll get jacked 'cause they floss too much
Others'll leave the game 'cause they lost too much
Some got bodied before they were totally on
It's like when keepin' it real goes totally wrong
Some get beat by managers, and shiesty execs
Others are brainwashed by their unlikely success
Well, I have proven time and time again
That I'm built to last, so watch me shine again

So many rappers have come and gone
I guess this rap game has really done them wrong
So many rappers tryin' to get their name out
Many got caught up for just havin' their chain out
So many rappers couldn't handle showbiz
While I'm steady rockin', so you know what it is
So many rappers made this their dream
Then quickly, most have disappeared from the scene

Many had major deals, big money and all that
On 106 & Park, in magazines and all that
So many had all that, so how did they fall flat?
That's why my motto has always been to just fall back
And watch the whole circus go by, I'm that guy
As soon as I appear on the scene, nigga, it's shy
So many pranksters with so many gimmicks
Wonder where they're at now, probably somewhere lookin' timid
It's all madness, there's too many to count
Everybody and their mom wanna rap, no doubt
Many come out with a bang, and their own new slang
Then end up back in the hood without a goddamn thing

Some make noise, they hit the top of the charts
Still, the shit that I kick will be stoppin' they hearts
So many rappers in search of fame
And most'll be lucky if we remember their names

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Business Or Art"

(feat. Talib Kweli)

(Business)
(Art)
All he had to do was just enjoy the ride
Get on my level (Business)
A Gang Starr with a gangster, on a mission
We come and infiltrate your whole cypher man (Art)

Business or art? Fist or steel?
Industry or street? Fake or real?
Cold or hot? Truth or trash?
War or peace? Longevity or cash?

Here's one for SPIN, Billboard, and Rolling Stone
Hip Hop is so organic, it'll grow on its own
We watch 'em throw money at it with clout and power
But after a while, things faded out and went sour
Somebody lost their shirt, execs got fired
Some artist went berserk, took mad drugs and got wired
Hundreds of thousands, up to millions in promo
All wasted on garbage, now, that was a no-no
Oh no, what's gonna happen now to these fools?
These self-centered pricks were showered, proud of 'em too
Never that, 'cause I am the renegade realist
Street visionary, the end of days idealist
People often ask what's the key to longevity
How I'm so consistent and bring the heat incredibly
Intelligence is vital and always stay hood
'Cause this is our culture, and we need to make good

Business or art? Fist or steel?
Industry or street? Fake or real?
Cold or hot? Truth or trash?
War or peace? Longevity or cash?

Business or art? Let's pick it apart
If you ain't spittin' out your heart, you'd be considered a mark
The bullshit gotta stop, 'cause when it's business o'clock
You hear the tickin' and the tockin' on the digital watch
Yeah, time is money, and they don't find it funny
They'll show up where you live, make your environment bloody, buddy
They'll kick in the door, tell you "Get on the floor"
They bust a .9 and bust some rhymes, you like, "gimme some more"
Askin' you where your heart is, but you an artist
You was never as hard as you said you was
Maybe lyin', wasn't the smartest decision you ever made
'Cause this business ain't regulated

If you beefin' over beats in these streets, you'll never make it
Now you singin' to cops, that's your favorite tune, nigga
They ain't got Yelp reviews for goons, nigga
Hip-hop, homie, that's our lane
It's Gang Starr with the Black Star gang
We bang-bang when it's business or art

Business or art? Fist or steel?
Industry or street? Fake or real?
Cold or hot? Truth or trash?
War or peace? Longevity or cash?

(Business)
(Art)
All he had to do was just enjoy the ride
G-G-Get on my level (Business)
A Gang Starr with a gangster, on a mission
We come and infiltrate your whole cypher man (Art)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Bring It Back Here"

Raps will be actin' ill
And that's exactly how I feel, shoutout to Guru

Don't base my whole life on loot, but money sure helps
I keep it tight like army boots to ensure wealth
I meet suckers every day that rhyme, they say they rhyme
Most of them corny as hell, they won't get paid a dime
A lot of these punks, they all sound the same
They all sound lame, fakin' like they down with the game
Against me, they fail
I'm like the black Frankie Ale
I leave 'em slumped, and their bodies dumped over the rail
Show me respect, then cut me a fat check
You little niggas are like virgins, you haven't had ass yet
Wet behind the years while I've been spittin' darts for years
Don't make me embarrass you in front of your so-called peers
The fools gassed you in the first place, dirt face
Cocksucker, thought you had wins, got stuck in the worst place
And that's when I attack your fears
'Cause I'm a real racketeer, get my money and bring it back here

Gang Starr Lyrics

"One Of The Best Yet (Big Shug Interlude)"

Gang Starr is
One of the best yet
Just had to remind you
We still are, hey
Gang Starr
One of the best yet
Just had to remind you
We still are, hey
Ahaha

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take Flight (Militia, Pt. 4)"

(feat. Big Shug & Freddie Foxxx)

("It's the real...")
("Conversatin' like some raw pimps sportin' the minks")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("You know and I know")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("Nigga better bang")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("Then I'm runnin' through the spot")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")

One in the spiritual, three in the physical
OG soul like Smokey and the Miracles
Grimy and lyrical—you want it? Here it go
We be in spots where bitch niggas fear to go
Abrasive, still smack faces
Grab you by your neck, smash your head in the basement
Godly, still controllin' the square
You the competition? Get the fuck outta here
We got the safeties and the locks off just in case it jump off
Count to three, only these niggas dump off
For the love of hip-hop, what's it worth?
For the pain of hip-hop, we bringin' the hurt
Fake niggas, we put in the dirt
Silly rap nigga wearin' a skirt
We unbeatable, don't even try
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
It's the militia

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("It's the militia") ("It's the real")

Let's see if you can rap and step with this production
I never left, plus I kept me somethin'
That I could use on these MC's that kept frontin'
They watched me unload and explode, I kept dumpin'
The Black Bruno, with the Mack uno uno
Crush you like a Black sumo, I'm back, you know
The man of the hour, I'm the man of the year
Make room and understand I'm here
Hell, my clientele is the most regal
I crush brain cells, my name rings bells to most people
You broke the rules, so I'ma have to get at you
Pussy, you're pitiful, your crew can catch a clip or two

Always the swiftest, you, watch the way I lift his jewels
He's woozy, excuse me while I rip this dude
I light a Dutch while you get touched with ease
And your chick steady fallin' in love with me

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("It's the militia")
Raw

Yo, it's the gang Gang Starr across my chest
On Gu' and them, I never let Solar rest
Me robbin' them rappers that's braggin'
The pain is of Attica stabbin' you
Leakin' from holes you didn't know you was havin'
Bitch niggas take flight when Bump pick up the mic
I write what rappers wanna be like in real life
Then spit your favorite song with verses crazy long
'Cause I do what the fuck I want on every song
And you bitches are mad 'cause you spit a facade
For sad niggas who thought hip-hop was really gone
But not for very long, I'm back to carry on
Like I'm Marshawn Lynch, runnin' through every song
Wack rappers, take a knee, all races
In any race, Freddie Foxxx put that ox to they faces
And fuck your music is the basis
'Cause my shit hard, rip to the gods, say it, militia

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Bless The Mic"

Everything changing nowadays, man
Kids got technology and the rap music
I mean, I like rap music, I ain't gon' lie
I like rap music, man, I like some of it, man
But I don't think you gon' see, like, rap reunions 20 years from now
I don't think you're gonna see a 50-year-old rapper
*[*coughs*]* "How ya like me now?"

("Bless the mic for the gods")

When it's concerning these bars, I'm leaving permanent scars
On you half-ass rappers, you ain't earnin' it, pa
So come to my class, then I can son you real fast
Just 'cause you comin' with cash, you still a wannabe ass
I get chicks state to state, offer me face from the gate
'Cause the sound of my voice makes their juices marinate
As opposed to those with mediocre prose
Wet you from head to toe, and watch you soak in your clothes

It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")
It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic...")

Now, why'd they try to pull a plug on a brother?
Pull the rug from a brother?
Catch a slug from the toolie of a gun-lovin' brother
Violence, wylin', whatever, they know
The more rappers come, the quicker they go
This underground is mine, might even see me in a hoop'
Switch to a droptop coupe—why you cock blockin', dukes?
Baldhead Slick, I represent my clique
I got my little man loadin' the ammo, this shit is sick

It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")
It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
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Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")

("Bless the mic for the gods")
("Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot")